

THE
CREOLE;

OR,

THE HAUNTED ISLAND.

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THE
CREOLE;
OR,
THE HAUNTED ISLAND.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY
S. ARNOLD, JUNIOR.

VOL. III.

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THE
CREOLE.

CHAP. I.

NARCONAH ENTERS A SCENE OF
FELICITY.

THE young adventurers rejoiced to find themselves once more on the public road, and as they felt fatigued, looked anxiously forward, in hopes of seeing some cottage or inn, where they might lodge and rest.

At length, as the evening approached, they heard the sound of
VOL. III. B cheerful

cheerful music, and turned to that side from whence it proceeded.

As they advanced, they beheld a group of country people, dancing with every sign of glee and rapture; beneath the trees, sat some aged, and some weary, who laughed and sung as the music played, and the dancers danced around.

“ Truly,” said Narconah to his companion, “ this is the first scene of joy I have witnessed; here mirth seems to have forgotten toil, and festivity to have banished care. I should imagine these people are eminently happy, at least if they are not so, it cannot be their own faults, for they endeavour surely to make themselves appear so.”

“ There

“ There appears to be merriment among them,” replied Haram, “ but mirth is not always a test of happiness; in my short acquaintance with the world, I have heard misery laugh loudly, while happiness but serenely smiled in tranquillity and peace; the country people before us, are, however, as likely to be happy as any I know of, for their manners bespeak rural simplicity, and the more simplicity we find, the more likely are we to discover satisfaction and contentment.”

By this time they reached the peasants. Narconah and his companion watched the dancers for awhile, till being perceived by them, they all stopped, and invited the new comers to join in the convivial scene.

This, however, they declined, urging as an excuse, that they were weary with their journey.

They sat down therefore on the grass, near the old people, and partook of the repast of milk and dates that was set before them.

Narconah observing one of the female dancers much more finely decorated than the rest, and that all paid her attention, enquired of Haram what might be the reason of it.

An old Goatherd who sat by them, overhearing the question, told them that they were celebrating a wedding, that the girl they alluded to was the bride, his daughter, and that although he was old and feeble, he
had

had danced long that day, and would go and dance again. So saying, he leaped nimbly up, and joined the group; when his aukward manners and extravagant gestures, renewed the mirth and laughter of the beholders.

“Surely,” exclaimed Narconah, “these people have attained at this moment the summit of earthly felicity. If in any place life is to be enjoyed in purity, it is here; if these are not contented I will abandon my search for ever. Let us ask of the old Goatherd, if he is not perfectly contented?”

“Forbear that,” replied Haram, “unless you would throw a damp on his present joy, by recalling to his mind past or expected ills. I have

often myself lamented, when too late, that in reflecting on the happiness of another's situation, I have destroyed that apparent happiness in a moment. Mankind are unfortunately too generally prone to look to the worst, instead of the brightest side of life ; and when you comment on a man's happiness, his first care is to tell you of the misfortunes he has surmounted, or the difficulties he still expects to encounter."

" I have heard my friend, whom I have lost, say the same thing," replied Narconah, " and I then lamented, as I again do, that man should be so much the enemy of his own peace."

" I have heard wise people pretend to account for this," rejoined the

the young pilgrim, "but I never yet found any one who could answer my enquiries, even to his own satisfaction. Some have told me, that inquietude of mind and restlessness of idea, are inherent in man, and that the perpetual evolutions of thought, are the causes which operate in so forcible a manner to make men discontented and dissatisfied. I cannot, however, perceive why their thoughts should ever take so uncomfortable a turn, as to make them always unhappy, unless the assertion be true, which philosophers have made—that man by the will of heaven, is doomed to misery and wretchedness on earth."

"Such a supposition is ridiculous," interrupted Narconah "as such a fiat would be highly inconsistent with

the beneficence of such a being as you describe the omnipotent Alla. Great strength and power, even in man, have been remarked to be most inclined to succour wretchedness, and least likely to inflict it. It is not therefore probable, that if any superior being, such as you describe, really exists, that it should be his delight to make his creatures unhappy."

"If he does," replied Haram, "he does even that with a great and a good intention; he means by making the world the seat of care, to alienate men's minds from contracting too great an affection for it—but it is possible, nay it is most probable, that he does not interfere in the regulation of our happiness on earth. It is to their own actions, to their own follies and vices, that men are indebted

indebted for the misery they experience; and this is the most likely, as we always see nations which are the most luxurious, and the most vicious, the most truly unhappy and discontented."

"And yet," answered Narconah, "I recollect what my friend and instructor has often observed, that the most virtuous are not always the most happy; and this I considered as a very good argument in favour of his maxim of futurity, and for the superintendence of a superior being; since even the virtuous, whose actions would naturally make them happy, are exposed to ill, it should appear that the reward is to be looked for not so much in this world as in the next.

CHAP. II.



THE OLD GOATHERD EXPATIATES
ON THE HAPPINESS OF A COUN-
TRY LIFE.

AT this period of the conversation the dance ended; the country people flocked round the travellers, and seated themselves on the grass, while the bridegroom bid them welcome. One among them then sung the following song, while the remainder of the group joined cheerfully in the chorus:

SONG.

When the MORNING decks the sky,
And nature smiles in colours gay,
Then we tune our roundelay;
Or cheerful to the mountains fly,
Obedient to the hunter's cry,
And thus employ the day.

When

When the NOONTIDE heat is come,
We seek the still sequester'd grove,
By the murm'ring streamlet rove,
Or slowly thro' the thicket roam
That leads to some lov'd fav'rite's home,
And there we talk of love.

When the EVENING breezes rise,
And nature sinks to peace serene,
Here the happy group is seen;
Joy is sparkling in all eyes,
When o'er the plain each lover flies
To dance upon the green.

Then the NIGHT of fable hue,
Stops our sports, yet brings not sorrow,
E'en from night some hours we borrow.
Then we have our pleasures too,
We laugh, and sing, and plan anew,
Fresh pleasures for the morrow.

The evening being now far advanced, they all arose to retire to their habitations, and Narconah and Haram were conducted by the old Goatherd to his cottage, where they had been invited to repose that night.

“ It has ever been one of the pleasures of imagination,” said Haram, as they walked on, “ to paint such scenes, and familiarize such pictures as these ; they are however seldom, I fancy, to be really found. The pencil of the painter, and the song of the poet, have mostly been employed in celebrating them ; but they have been regarded more generally as the offspring of their fancies, than as the genuine portraits of rural life.”

“ Stranger,” said the old Goatherd, “ your observation is a just one. Few such scenes as these are to be met with. The wisdom of nations, and the folly of individuals, have alike tended to destroy them. The policy of good governments has drawn together the people to a centre,

tre, and the avarice or madness of our lamented swains has led them to the snare. Thus most men are desirous of settling in large cities, where wealth is most profuse, and the false pleasures of life as abundantly appear as the toys for children in the windows of our artificers. There are few however, I imagine, that have abandoned the simplicity of a country life, but have regretted their own folly in the end; but they have regretted it when it was too late to return. When the mind is once engrossed by avarice, or seized with a desire of power or fame, the real relish for simple nature is lost and destroyed. When simplicity is once gone, it is gone for ever; like the modesty of virgin innocence, once forsaken it never can return.

“ But

“ But the exuberance of a well-constructed fancy may remedy this defect, and a mind replete with images, may supply the hiatus in reality. The painter in his chamber, may surround himself with the warm and vivid hues of nature ; and the poet may close his eyes, and conceive himself in an Elysium of his own creation.

“ These may smile at the village sports of simplicity—they may admire the sublime and the beautiful. Nothing need escape the comprehensive scope of fancy’s eye. The grandeur of the forest scenery—the minuteness of the botanic garden—the verdure of the lawn, and the rough hues of the mountains—the roarings of the troubled ocean, and the smooth meanderings of the rivulet,
by

by turns contrasted, may aid the warm glow of fancy; while the enraptured soul, borne on the wings of great imagination, thinks it has past the troubles of the world, and found a happy paradise on earth."

Narconah and his companion were all amazement, to hear the old Goat-herd talk in this strain. They had, by this time, entered the small neat cottage of their host, and were seated, because they would not interrupt his discourse; around stood many of the peasants, who smiled as the old man talked; and who waited in expectation of the conversation being continued.

"Permit me," said Narconah, "to enquire, how a man like you, who appear to have been brought up in the
the

the simplicity of a rural life, should have gained so competent a knowledge of mankind, and so extensive an information of their ways and pursuits? You must certainly have lived among them."

"I have," resumed the other, "and some people think I am crazy, because I indulge in certain vagaries; but I will abide by my maxim—that he has the most solid good sense, who endeavours to cheat life of its incumbrances; and let the means be however absurd or extravagant, to pass away time without perceiving its flight, and to advance to old age without feeling its weight."

"Strange," interrupted Narconah, "is it possible that a mind can exist so vacant, that it cannot, in this vast world,

world, find perpetual subjects for inquiry and information? Is it possible that rational beings should ever live to say, that time hangs upon them, while there is still so much to learn and so much to discover?"

"You speak like a very young man indeed," replied the Goatherd, "I should be tempted to imagine you had just entered the world, since you express so much surprize at hearing the common sentiments of all men. Mankind, as they have different pursuits, and different inclinations, have also different dispositions of mind. There are some among them, who never feel the sensations against which you so much exclaim. Minds that are active in the pursuit of knowledge, are the least liable to them; but with a man of pleasure, the inter-
val

val of time between each amusement is tedious and oppressive. In the search after wisdom, the lapse of time is silent and imperceptible, and the hour that is spent in improvement passes rapidly away; but all heads are not calculated to be wise—mine is not for one, and I therefore endeavour to amuse myself in the best way I can—I shall leave you for awhile to do the same, while I attend a little to my other guests.”

CHAP. III.

HAPPINESS PROVED TO BE IDEAL.

WHEN the old Goatherd was gone, the surprize of the travellers continued; they thought there was something most singular in his manners and conversation, and formed numerous conjectures on his situation. Narconah imagined he was one reduced from a better situation in life, where he had learned a jargon of sentiment, which he sported without feeling its meaning, and which possibly he did not understand; as he still thought it impossible any one could consider time as a burthen.

Haram

Haram declared he knew not what to think ; and they continued to start new suppositions, till the return of their host put an end to their discourse.

He returned however to continue the conversation. “ My friends,” said he, “ all you have this day seen, all that you now see around you, is the work of a sort of enchantment. I hope you have been enough deceived to make you admire my artificial simplicity of nature ; if you have, I shall be gratified. Your questions have led me to confession. I will now acknowledge to you that I am not the humble peasant you think me ; I am a man of fortune and independence, and this is the method I make use of to render myself happy.

“ I have

“ I have sought felicity in the circles of the great, and in the cottage of the peasant ; but I have sought it where it was not to be found. The great are unhappy by conceit, and the poor are so by constraint.

“ I therefore gave up my pursuit, because I found it was painful to my feelings to hear perpetual complaints, and resolved to establish felicity in the world on my own footing.

“ In pursuance of my plan, I erected this cottage, and decorated my farm in a style of perfect rural beauty ; my servants I dressed as the peasants of the country, and resolved to omit no circumstance that might tend to self-deception and self-satisfaction.

“ I am

“ I am now convinced that happiness is all imaginary ; but that he who chooses to be contented may be nearly happy. I have been censured by many for my folly, but as I please myself without doing injury to any one, I am determined to go on.

“ I have imitated in my own manners those of the ancient fathers, and my young visitors copy the characters of the swains. I have brought up my daughter in as much ignorance of the world as possible ; because I hold ignorance to be better than knowledge, when knowledge must consist of evil as well as good.

“ She is this day married to a young man of family and good sense ; one who complies with my humour, and lives with me here in retirement.

The

The young men and women whom you have this day seen in the dance, are my friends, and the friends of my son-in-law.—They will stay with me a few days, when their absence will be supplied by another set ; for I keep up mirth and festivity in one shape or other throughout the whole year, and while I submit to be laughed at myself, resolve to laugh heartily at the cares and solemn follies of the rest of the world.

“ My friends, I have told you my story ; the door of my cottage is always open as well to strangers as to friends ; if you can stay here and make yourselves happy, I shall be pleased with your company as long as you shall be pleased to give it me. You will be at your own disposal, and may amuse yourselves better with the
young

young folks of your own age, than you possibly can with a tiresome, though merry old man like me."

At the conclusion of this conversation the pretended Goatherd arose, and as the evening was far advanced, and the travellers were fatigued with their journey, they requested leave to retire to rest.

In the chamber allotted them were two plain sofa's, and Narconah, who had not changed his clothes for so long a time, was much refreshed by so doing—Haram flung himself on the bed in his garments, and they were soon fast asleep in quietude and peace.

CHAP. IV.

AN ADVENTURE—WHICH TEACHES
THE YOUNG TRAVELLERS THE
INSTABILITY OF HUMAN HOPES.

NARCONAH and the young Pilgrim slept soundly, the sleep of innocence is sweet and undisturbed, as are the slumbers of fatigue; like the rest from toil, it is sound and uninterrupted, and wakes in the morning refreshed and strengthened.

The young travellers rose early, and though they regretted to quit a spot in which there was at least the appearance of happiness, they were yet more anxious to continue their journey.

Accordingly having parted from their friendly host, they set forward cheerfully on their way to Morocco.

Their conversation by the way was free from all that sentimental seriousness, which their previous adventures had led them into; and they now discoursed of nothing but the satisfaction such a man must feel, who had the power of making himself happy, as well as of diffusing happiness to others.

As they thus beguiled the time in pleasing retrospection, they were far removed from their late friends before the noon of day arrived.

About this time, however, they were suddenly stopped on their way by the solemn appearance of a funeral

ral procession, which they perceived crossing the road before them.

Curiosity led them to observe and to follow it to a small mausoleum, which stood removed from the road, and was hid for awhile by the thickness of trees and shrubs which grew all around it.—Narconah and his companion entered among others, and waited till the body was covered, and remained after the priest and the mourners were departed.

The door was left open, and they continued to gaze on the coffin which contained the body of the departed, whom they had understood from a by-stander, was a young woman of a most amiable disposition, and most accomplished manners.

As they looked upon it, Narconah sighed for the fate of innocence and worth, and the young Pilgrim turned aside and wept.

They were at length departing, when a young man entered, his face was hid by his hands, and heavy sighs escaped him; the two youths stopped and observed him, he walked slowly to the coffin, regarded it for awhile, and again wept, though he endeavoured to restrain his tears.

Narconah was unwilling to interrupt a sorrow which appeared at once so tender and so manly; but Haram would have stepped instinctively forward to comfort him.

After some time indulging in silent grief, the youth drew from his pocket
a scroll,

a scroll, which he fastened to the lid of the coffin, then heaved another sigh, and dropped another tear, and with a slow and melancholy pace departed.—As he went, he cast his eyes often back to the spot, till the travellers could see him no more.

“Alas,” said Haram,” he has lost some one that was most dear to him; let us examine the scroll he has left behind him.”

They accordingly did so, it was his record of the virtues and the sweet innocence of a lost sister; and the last sentences bespoke his resignation and his grief.

The record concluded thus; which Haram read aloud, though his voice was often broken by sobs that es-

caped him, and by tears that involuntary fell:—

“ That form which was once animated with the smile of fancy, and adorned by the bloom of youth, will soon moulder in the dust. Great Alla! is this the reward of innocence and purity? Yes; it is! that innocence so dear to us, was dearer to thee, and by taking her unspotted from a world, in which for wise ends thou hast ordained evil and temptation to exist, thou hast ensured and marked her spirit for thy own.

“ Oh how enviable is thy lot, hid from temptation, and secure for ever from the natural ills attendant on mortality.

“ The

“ The wind bloweth, the storm gathereth, and the loud tempest is heard by the children of men, but the dead hear it not.

“ While some wake in anguish of body, and some in torment of mind, how sweet, how undisturbed, is her repose!

“ Over the sod that covers her shall blow the hurricane; the strong winds shall meet from the corners of the earth; the cloister shall moulder into dust; the high and strong tower shall fall; and yet, amid the wreck of ages, the peaceful tenant of the silent grave shall lie tranquil and undisturbed.

“ The earth and its inhabitants may shake; nation may war against
c 4 nation,

nation, and kingdom against kingdom; civil commotions may unlink the great chain of society; the lofty mountains may totter to their foundations; but what know they of this whose bodies are buried in peace?

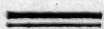
“ Farewell, sweet innocent, a brother who laments thy fall, will remember thy virtues; to the cold grave where thou liest, he will sometimes return, and while he views the senseless stone that covers thee, will drop a silent tear upon thy grave, and think on that innocence and worth, that never can return.”

After having finished the scroll, they departed in silence; the scene they had witnessed, and the sentences they had read, had made too deep an impression for utterance.

They

They walked slowly on till the evening, when they again found a lodging in a peasant's cottage, and again rose early to pursue their journey.

CHAP. V.



THE FRIENDS PROCEED IN SERIOUS
DISCOURSE, AND ARE OVER-
TAKEN BY A NEW CHARACTER.

THE last evening had been spent by both in serious meditation; the natural result of which was the reciprocal communication of each others thoughts, as they walked on in the morning.

Haram began, by lamenting the fate to which all are liable—
“Death,” said he, “is the termination of all earthly enjoyments; it is the separation of friendship. It heals, it is true, the sorrows of one wound-
ed

ed heart, but leaves many to lament his cure.

“ Death is always serious to the contemplative, and it is frightful to the unthinking. The young mourn when the aged die ; but age and youth mourn and tremble alike, when death unexpected seizes on the young.

“ How truly miserable and contemptible would be the state of humanity, but for the pleasing the exalted hope of happiness in futurity ?”

“ That is true,” said Narconah, “ if you consider man as being so much superior to what he really is ; for my own part I am ignorant of the world, and its great inhabitant man ; but I have observed some
c 6 things,

things, and among others, have thought that man, boasted as is his reason and his wit, is little superior to other animals in creation. The systems discovered by his sense, and the arts he has invented, entitle him to respect above all others; and yet, as you allow no prospect of futurity to irrational brutes, I know not why that distinction should be conferred upon man, simply because he possesses the art of reasoning and imagination. The same passions—the same appetites direct both. Mere man is a mere engine, and without the guidance of reason would work no otherwise than as such; even his reason has not all the superiority he boasts. The beast of the field seeks his food and finds it; and the fowl of the air builds its own nest. Man can do no more. He boasts discoveries,

discoveries, which are but luxuries to pamper sensuality ; and arrogates superior wisdom, when he discovers fresh wants. The instinct that directs the animal world, is a kind of diminutive reason, and reason is no other than cultivated and enlightened instinct.

“ Thus, I know not why man, because he has a capacious intellect to conceive, rather than a solid understanding to comprehend, should rank himself so much higher than nature has ranked him.

“ For my own part, when I observe the wonderful instinct of some animals, I blush at the superfluity of intelligence I see around me in man ; which, used in its utmost extent, can scarce accomplish more than the animal

mal before me can do almost without labour. As this is the case then, I will allow of man's wisdom, and the policy of sectaries, to invent systems of religion rather than systems of morality. Nature is too great a moralist to be outdone by man; and we need no other instructor in this way, than to look around on her works; but I must confess, I regard the true admirer of the works of nature, as the most likely man to become a worthy and good member of society."

" You seem to regard religion in a very indifferent light," replied Haram, " which I the more wonder at, as we have so lately seen of how much avail it is, in instances of deep and sincere affliction."

" That

“ That,” replied Narconah, “ is no argument at all in its favour. Men may conjure up a thousand chimerical phantoms which they may conceive props to lean on in affliction ; and it matters little to the blind man who finds a staff, what are the materials of which that staff is composed ; and under circumstances of affliction, it matters little if man finds comfort in ought, whether it be religious hope, or any other subject of imagination, on which he may rest.”

“ If you should ever labour under any heavy affliction,” said Haram, warmly, “ you will be happy to have such a dependance to fly to. I am surprised, however, to hear any one talk as I have heard you ; in future, therefore, we will avoid this subject, for it is too serious to be treated lightly,

lightly, and too sacred to be spoken of irreverently."

"I now think," replied Narco-nah, "what is not always I believe the case, that I have the best of argument, as well as the best of reason, on my side. When a man loses his temper, it should seem as if he felt the weakness of his own logical powers, since he is driven to violence and warmth, to overcome by sound what he cannot refute by sense. However, I beg you will wave your resolution of abandoning the subject in future, as I am so far from being desirous of treating it with levity or irreverence, that I wish to make it my study, and only argue against, because at present I do not comprehend it."

"It

“ It is a most natural, as well as rational doctrine,” rejoined Haram, “ it has been supported by the wisest of all nations, and established by successive credence from generation to generation.”

“ The succession of belief,” replied Narconah, “ again weakens your argument—One generation believes, because the preceding generation believed, and the succeeding one for the same reason, which is a very insufficient one; without disquisition or enquiry, they believe the same doctrines; and in religion, as well as history, numberless error and additions must, in time, have been made—how far it is natural, I shall not pretend to argue, because I am convinced it is scarcely so at all. Nature was my instructor, I follow her precepts

precepts and the dictates of reason; but these have not taught me religion. I have an intuitive sense of devotion, it is true; but this is entirely abstracted from your notions of religious worship."

At this period of the conversation they were overtaken by a young man, who walked quickly on, and seemed desirous to pass forward unobserved, and to avoid joining their company.

Narconah, however, unwilling to lose an opportunity that might give him an insight to human nature, called to him, and begged him to bear them company, as they were unacquainted with the road.

The

The young man seemed still desirous of avoiding them, and looked anxiously about, as if in fear of being pursued, and sometimes regarding his new companions with an eye of suspicion.

His emotion excited their curiosity, and they demanded of him whither he was going, and on receiving for answer that he was journeying home to the next village, they said they would bear him company, and they proceeded together.

CHAP. VI.

NARCONAH TREMBLES FOR HIS
SAFETY, AND HARAM GIVES
HIMSELF UP FOR LOST.

THE village was not far beyond the lowly mansion of their new companion, at which they soon arrived; he was silent by the way, and answered briefly all the questions put to him by Haram and Narconah; on reaching his abode, however, he bid them farewell, and would fain have closed the door, without fulfilling the common office of hospitality, by inviting his fellow-travellers in.

Led on by curiosity, however, they followed him in, although the young
man

man seemed very desirous of preventing them, and threw out many hints to indicate that they were not welcome.

As he could not, however, positively refuse them admittance, they entered. The small cottage he inhabited was almost totally unfurnished; an appearance of extreme misery seemed to pervade the master and his abode, and the youths now began to lament their curiosity, which had probably wounded the feelings of their host, by exposing his great poverty; he still, however, regarded them with an eye of suspicion.

Narconah at length whispered his friend that they should depart. Their host seeing them in secret conversation,

tion, began to tremble violently, and the terror expressed in his countenance, for the first time awakened their suspicions. In what way to account for his emotion, however, they knew not; but their curiosity being more than ever afloat, Haram persisted in a resolution to tarry there that night, in order to watch his actions.

They then communicated to him their intention, the fulfilment of which he appeared extremely desirous of preventing; urging how totally incapable he was of offering them refreshment, or affording them accommodation.

No apology, however, would suffice, every excuse created fresh curiosity, and as they were habited like pilgrims,

pilgrims, they knew their host dare not positively refuse them a lodging.

Thus compelled to receive them, his agitation continued evident and violent, till at length Haram proposed that they should retire to rest, as the evening was far advanced, and as they must pursue their journey early in the morning.

Their young and trembling host, seemed somewhat relieved by this declaration, and hastily shewed them to the next apartment; the pale and feeble light of a small lamp was all they were allowed, of which they received the benefit only till they should be laid on the straw and dried leaves, which were the only beds that this unhappy son of penury could provide them.

On

On surveying this apartment, they found it still worse than that which they had left, as it was in part unroofed, and exposed thereby to the inclemency of the season.

Narconah and his friend lay down notwithstanding, and their host departed with the lamp; in going out he kicked before him a nail, which he stooped to pick up, and tarried a long time in search of it.

They heard him for some time busy in the next chamber, and ever and anon perceived that he was listening at the door of theirs. At length finding he was quiet, they rose gently, and through the crevices of the wainscot, of which there were plenty, they perceived him with great caution pull up a plank in the
flooring,

flooring, listening at intervals with profound attention; when the plank was removed, he returned gently to the chamber-door of his guests, and applied his ear to it, though to no purpose, for they remained perfectly quiet.

They then observed him return to the breach he had made in the flooring, through which he easily passed his body, and was instantly out of sight. Haram trembled greatly, and each in suspense, mingled with apprehension of the termination of this strange adventure, waited awhile to see if he would return, and then softly opened their door, and approached the place through which he had descended.

Below they perceived the glimmering of the lamp, though they imagined it was far removed, and listening awhile, they conceived they heard the sound of human voices—other sounds they heard, which they attributed to divers causes; a certain glingling they supposed the distant rattling of chains, and now most seriously repented the idle and ill-timed curiosity which had led them into what they conceived imminent danger.

Haram, whose apprehensions exceeded those of Narconah, now conceived it expedient to make a precipitate retreat, and to leave the house with as much secrecy and expedition as possible. Narconah agreeing to the suggestion, they searched their way to the door for that purpose, but

but were much disappointed to find it barred and locked, and that the key was not to be found.

Some noise they made in attempting to unbar it, and hearing a quick step beneath them, they naturally conceived the alarm was spread, and, as the only method of security, hastily retired to their own apartment, and again flung themselves on the straw, as if in a profound sleep.

In a few seconds they heard the board replaced, and could scarce resume the semblance of sleep, when their host entered their room; in one hand he held the lamp, and in the other a rusty dagger, which was uplifted in the air; he first approached Narconah, and held the lamp close to his eyes, with a face exhibiting

hibiting a blendid picture of horror and dismay.

Believing, however, that he slept, he turned to Haram, who no sooner with his eyes half open perceived the dagger, than he uttered a loud cry, and started upon his feet. Their host, terrified and surprised by this unexpected encounter, stood transfixed to his post, till Narconah springing up also, wrested the dagger from his hand. In his pocket was a large key, which he seized, and flew to the door. The young man now abandoned himself to the most extravagant despair; he fell on his knees entreating for mercy, besought them not to ruin him, but to take compassion on his miserable state. They took no other notice of him, than to watch lest he should make
any

any further attempt on their lives, and with all possible speed opened the door, and rushed into the road; the young host, frantic and trembling with dread, followed them, sometimes rending his hair, and sometimes falling on his knees before them, beseeching their pardon and compassion. Haram, in constant dread of him, hurried on, and Narconah as rapidly followed, till their late host, with loud vociferation and lamentations, finding himself disregarded, returned to his abode.

CHAP. VII.



IN WHICH NARCONAH REASONS ON
PROVIDENCE, WHEN HE LOSES
ONE FRIEND AND REGAINS AN-
OTHER.

BY the time they reached the village, the dawn of day began to tinge the sky, and to call the laborious peasantry to their daily toil.

The first of these they met was a sturdy middle-aged man, whom they stopped, and to whom they related the singular adventure they had met with. The peasant listened eagerly to the tale, and would fain have

have persuaded them to return with him to the house.

“ That young man,” said he, “ is the most extraordinary being in nature ; he was born of a miser, and he is a miser himself. If you will return and shew me the spot where he has concealed his treasure, we will divide the booty.”

“ If that be your intention,” replied Narconah, “ we certainly shall not return. The attempt he has made on the lives of two of his fellow-creatures, merits punishment ; but as the experience of men has created laws for that purpose, we have no authority to take upon ourselves the right of retribution.”

“ You may use your own pleasure,” said the peasant, “ but I shall hasten to the judge, and by giving information, shall cause a diligent search to be made, and still receive a large share of the treasure you so foolishly refuse.”

They then parted, the peasant to the execution of his threat, and the travellers to pursue their journey; for the remainder of the day this singular adventure furnished them with subject of conversation, and while Haram dwelt sensibly on the poverty of the rich miser, Narconah diligently enquired into the motives that could operate so forcibly on a man's mind, as to induce him to hoard up treasures which he scarce could count, and to lay by riches which he could not use.

After

After this they passed on many days without meeting with any particular adventure. The conversation of Haram was always pleasing to Narconah, and his remarks bespoke an amiable disposition, and a well-endowed mind. A similarity of sentiment, and an equality of age, created a firm and pleasing friendship between them; Haram beheld and admired the same qualities in Narconah, which Narconah discovered and loved in him.

Thus they spent their time very agreeably together, and Narconah, while he thought of Cozmin and Alcovan, considered the presence of Haram an ample compensation for the absence of both.

In the company of his friend, therefore, the fatigues of the day were

scarcely felt ; and the repose of the night was rendered more sweet from the recollection, that he should again see his friend in the morning.

In examining his friend's character, he thought it singular, and totally unlike that of most other men he had met with ; he thought him gentle, and yet firm ; diffident, and yet decided ; and though he often differed from him in opinion, he found his sentiments always benevolent ; and though sometimes weak, yet always virtuous.

Narconah lost no opportunity whatever of viewing human nature ; and learnt much from the different ways in which the same passions discovered themselves in different men.

They

They had already entered the kingdom of Morocco, and were pursuing their journey rather late onē evening, when they were stopped on the way by a small detachment of banditti.

They would fain have hurried the travellers out of the highway, but the resistance made by Narconah calling the attention of the whole body, Haram had full opportunity, under cover of the dusk, to make his escape.

The thieves soon mastered Narconah, and bore him towards their abode; being soon, however, out of sight of the main road, they searched him, and being disappointed in their hopes of plunder, which were often gratified by the robbery of pilgrims, they released him, and sent him on

his way. He soon recovered from his apprehensions, and hurried on, in the hopes of overtaking his friend, but was disappointed. Haram had taken a different route, and Narconah was fainting with fatigue, before he abandoned the hope of recovering him.

He now found himself once more forlorn amidst his own species, and solitary, though surrounded by thousands; he had no friend to advise with or to look up to, and the serious reflections of the philosopher at Fez, for want of that valuable blessing, recurred often to his memory.

In this distressed situation of mind he passed on, and the evening of a tedious and sultry day had overtaken him, when he was yet many miles distant from any habitation. At some
small

small distance, however, he perceived a dreary hovel, a little out of the road, and thither he resolved to repair, in order to pass the night. He entered cautiously, lest any one should be tenanting there before him, and throwing himself on some dried leaves in one corner of it, fell fast asleep.

In the morning, when it was scarce light, he was awakened by the voice of sorrow ; and which, though it at all times caught his ear, and claimed his attention, in his present situation was particularly interesting. The voice ceased to be heard, but Narconah still continued to listen, and presently from the end of the hovel, distinctly heard these words :—

“ The day broke yesterday and the evening came.—The day again breaks,

breaks, and the evening will again return; but whether I am doomed to drag on till then this wretched life, is known alone to Alla. Oh my child, my lost Zelia, where art thou?"

Narconah instantly started up; he recollected the name of Zelia and the voice of Cozmin, and instantly flew to his embrace. The old man was overcome with joy at this unexpected meeting, and wept over him, saying he would still wish to live, since it was permitted him to behold him once more. Narconah felt all the extravagant joy natural to youth, and wept also. He then confessed to Cozmin that he thought there was something more than chance that directed the actions of men.

“ Soon

“ Soon after I lost you,” said he, “ I found another friend, and now I have lately lost him, I have recovered you. I trust nothing will again occur to separate us.”

“ I hope not,” replied Cozmin. “ The last time we parted my mind was convulsed by agony, as the earth is shaken by volcanos. I trust my senses are restored, at least I now feel much better—to you I shall impart the secrets of my bosom. A friend to lament my sorrows, and to weep with me, is all I wanted to complete my recovery. Let us proceed, and since chance has once more united us, we will continue together; but you must bear with the debility of age. I have been very ill since we parted, and am now weak and comfortless; as an old man, burthened
less

less with years than with crimes, ought to be."

Narconah was deeply affected by the change he found in his old guide; and, as the day appeared, they set forward slowly.

Narconah related to him every circumstance of his adventures, and dwelt long on the virtues and amiable qualities of his young friend.

As the summer solstice was now approaching, the heat of noon was too intense for the weakened frame of Cozmin; and they seated themselves beside a smooth rivulet, beneath the shade of some large trees, a small distance from the road, when Narconah, now more than ever anxious to hear the history of his friend,
urged

urged the fulfilment of his promise. The request was often repeated, before it seemed to be heard by Cozmin; who at length starting, as from sleep, replied that he would gratify him.

“ I will summon my resolution,” said he, “ and proceed.” After a short pause he appeared to have roused himself sufficiently, and thus began :——

CHAP. VIII.

THE OLD HRRMIT'S STORY.

“MY name is Cozmin ; on the banks of the great river Niffis stands the mansion of my ancestors—a proud and lofty fabric, that has reared its head for ages. My father was the younger brother of the old Emperor, whose son is now upon the throne, and whose relative I am.

“ I boast not of this ; for the pomp of the world is past from me, and I now regard it only as the source of temptation and the foundation of evil.

“ My

“ My elder brother was lord of the island of Othen, which we are now once more approaching. His name, which I execrate, and scarce dare offend the Prophet by mentioning, has been written and recorded in streams of blood.

“ On this subject I must now be silent, though hereafter I shall speak out; suffice it to say, that on its becoming my property, I never lived there, from motives you will shortly hear explained.

“ In early youth, my father discovering in me what he called strong marks of genius, gave me a suitable education, with the resolution of placing me under the care of one of our priests, and of bringing me up in a religious life.

“ My

“ My prospects with respect to fortune, were at that time by no means adequate to the pride of my family, or in fact such as my high birth and connections required to support their dignity. I was then full of spirit and enterprize, and the young and high blood that flowed in my veins, would not become subservient to my father's wishes, in the strictness and seclusion of a religious education.

“ The armies of the Moors presented little prospect of good fortune; the young men who commanded in them being all of independence, and I feared I could never hope to find advancement among them, or to grow rich, when so few opportunities occurred of finding a splendid division of booty by conquest or capture.

However,

However, as it was of all others the thing best suited to my situation, and perhaps my fancy too, and as, in fact, I had no alternative between that and a life of listless and uneasy seclusion, I resolved on embracing it, hoping that my father's interest at court would be sufficient to procure me a respectable situation, and perhaps considerable advancement.

“ Imagine me now entered into the army, and feeling all the vanity so natural to a young man in contemplating my finery and consequence. I believe I did not want for courage, and it was my ambition to find some opportunity to signalize myself in battle. This opportunity soon presented itself in an invasion against Spain.

“ We

“ We crossed the Streights of Gibraltar, and landed on the Spanish coast without much loss, or indeed much opposition.

“ Having penetrated the province of Granada, we laid siege to its town, when it was my fortune, in an excursion of the enemy, to engage with Don Altador, the governor of the place, a man of great strength and courage, and long experienced in the arts of war.

“ Not being aware of whom I had to encounter, I inconsiderately pushed onward in the fight, till being self-exhausted, my arm fell unhurtful on the sword of my opponent. Perceiving this, Don Altador, who till now had stood only on his defence, rushed forward,

forward, while I, unable to resist, retired. I now in turn defended myself; but, in retreating, I tripped over a large stone, which lay behind me, and immediately falling, became the prisoner of my conqueror.

“ Whatever shame and regret I felt at being thus defeated, I had little cause to lament my situation.

“ The governor was a man of refined sense and manners, and of extreme good nature and humanity; he treated me rather as a friend than as an enemy, and by that conduct he really made me so.

“ In the mean time the fortress defended itself with great bravery; and my countrymen finding themselves baffled in their purpose of taking
ing

ing Granada, and its wealthy contents, abandoned the siege, and with a few Spanish prisoners, but more loss, and still greater disappointment, returned dejected to Morocco.

“ I was now cut off from my country and connections, and had no hopes but from the kindness of Don Altador—of the want of that kindness, however, I had no reason to complain. It is true, I was kept from the company of the other captives; but I was amply repaid for this by the company of the governor, who expressed himself constantly desirous of having me with him.

“ I loved solitude, however, and often chose the most secret paths of his garden to stroll in; for I could not easily overcome the grief and
shame

shame of my defeat, which was still increased by the prospect of a long confinement.

“ At the time of life to which I had then arrived, those sensations were likely to be felt in their fullest strength; youth, which is ever most sanguine in hope, is also most dejected in disappointment.

“ I had not remained in his castle many weeks, when he began to make preparations for the reception of his daughter, a girl of about seventeen years of age, and who had till now been under the care of a female relation at Seville.

“ As I had by this time attained a great degree of intimacy with the Governor, he communicated to me, in confidence, the secret which in-

duced him to recal her to his house ; and began with telling me how severely he had suffered in his peace and happiness on her account.

“ When I had the misfortune,” said he, “ to lose her mother, I looked forward to her dawning sense and opening beauties, as to blessings which were to constitute my future happiness ; but I soon found upon how tottering a foundation I had placed the basis of my comfort.

“ No sooner was she seen, than universally admired ; and that admiration, which at first was the delight of my fond heart, became the source of my future uneasiness.

“ The giddy butterflies that fluttered round her, intoxicated the mind
of

of my beloved child with flattery and folly ; and I saw the period of improvement, and the progress of self-love, with an equal mixture of regret and inward reproach. At length I formed the resolution of sending her from the scenes of gaiety, which my castle perpetually presented ; and having a cousin of opulence and discreet age, then residing at Seville, I conveyed her thither, and there left her under the care of her Duenna, a sensible and good old woman, who is still alive, and who will, I trust, accompany her to my house.

“ I am aware that her beauty, of which I have heard a very favourable report, will draw together all the young men of fashion and family in Granada ; but to you alone I confide my purpose. The fortune I intend

for her is as a princely portion ; and it is, and ever has been the fond wish of my heart, that the young heir of Ferdinand, our king, should become her husband. This, from the knowledge I have of the youth, I think not unlikely to take place ; and we shall shortly see how far my plans, assisted by art, and consistent with honour, can be carried into effect.

CHAP. IX.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY
OF COZMIN.

“FROM the drift of Altador’s discourse, I perceived it was his intention to make me useful to him in his plan, and as I began to suspect I saw something like duplicity in his tale and intentions, I of course resolved to stand on my guard, and let what would be the consequence, to desist from advancing his plans, even if I did not betray them.

“Having settled my mind on this subject, I looked seriously into his manner, and conversation, and expected

pected the arrival of his daughter with impatience.

“ I am old now, and should make myself ridiculous was I to attempt describing the beauties of this daughter when she did arrive—suffice it to say, that a young and glowing imagination, can scarce conceive so beautiful an object; her face was as that of a daughter of paradise, and her mind was no less lovely than her form.

“ When I first beheld her, though partially through the veil that covered her, I thought I had never seen so fine a creature. There was more of mildness than of majesty in her deportment, but what was wanting of that haughty demeanor so common among the Spanish ladies, was infinitely

nitely surpassed by the grace and sweetness of her manners.

“ Whatever emotion I felt at the first sight of her, I entertained no other ideas than such as naturally arise from the admiration of a great and beautiful work of nature. But when I beheld her unveiled at her father’s house, new sensations obtruded themselves; I began to think on the good fortune of the young prince, for whom her father had destined her, and wondered how he could ever entertain a doubt of the accomplishment of his wish. I next became anxious to see the prince, doubting if he could possibly possess excellence to merit so amiable and accomplished a being; and then blamed myself for having entertained a thought, that the father of such a

girl should be capable of dishonour. I shall shorten my story, for the recital disturbs me—I find those know but little of the pains of recollection, who only reflect inwardly on past pleasures and sorrows; the recital, when we find others participate in our feelings, is an additional stimulus to remembrance, by recalling past pains, though it sometimes soothes the sadness which it excites.

“Don Altador took me aside soon after I had beheld his daughter—“Am I not,” said he, “a happy father?”

“Sir,” said I, “you have no reason to doubt she will captivate the Prince of Spain.”

“This was exactly what he wanted, and having introduced the conversation

versation for him, he proceeded to inform me, that he expected the prince at his house in a short time. —I then knew not why I felt alarmed at this intelligence, but I believe I turned pale upon hearing it; he asked me if any thing was the matter with me, and if I saw ought objectionable in his intentions? I excused myself, saying I was unwell, and then asked, with some perturbation, questions relative to the person and manners of the prince. The answers I received tended rather to increase, than relieve my emotion, and I found it necessary to withdraw, in order to prevent a discovery of the tumult that passed within me.

“ Next day I beheld Zamira again, she appeared still more lovely than before, and the attentions I
E 5 paid

paid her, which were noticed and encouraged by her father, appeared, I at least flattered myself, to be received with pleasure.

“ Don Altador, from whom I had concealed my true name and quality, from motives of prudence, encouraged and promoted an infinite number of innocent familiarities between us, and these being sanctioned by him, became every day more and more agreeable, and more and more interesting to Zamira. At length I felt uneasy at parting with her, and unhappy when out of her sight. I was perpetually alarmed, lest some accident should befall her; and when I beheld a beautiful flower, or a serene sky, I immediately, with all the enthusiasm of love, compared it to Zamira.

“ In

“ In a short time the Infant arrived, in consequence of an invitation from the governor; and the castle became a scene of gaiety, fashion, and voluptuousness.

“ I was presented to him on his arrival, as an Algerine captive of distinction, and immediately introduced myself to his observation, by my manners and address, in order to be present, if possible, at his introduction to the daughter of Don Altador.

CHAP. X.

THE OLD MAN CONTINUES HIS
RELATION.

“ I THOUGHT Zamira appeared pleased when the prince was presented to her; but yet, on reflection, I flattered myself her reception of his salutation was cold and distant. Be that as it may, I now suspected, for the first time, that my heart was in danger; I was soon eased, however, from my doubts on this subject, when Don Altador taking me aside, thus addressed me:—

“ My friend (for such I must call you, being sensible I have tried every means in my power to make you so;)

I am

I am now going to demand a return of those kindneſſes, which you have acknowledged to have received from me.

“ My daughter, with whom I have juſt been converſing, has I think no predilection in favour of the Infant. It ſeems, that during her reſidence at Seville, the Prince was there alſo, and committed ſome of thoſe riotous follies to which the Spaniſh youths are addiſted, and which, in the eyes of refined and virtuous women, are extremely diſguffing.”

“ On leaving that city for Madrid, where his father then was, he left ſuch a character behind him, as I find has in ſome meaſure prejudiced Zamira againſt him; from you, my friend, I expect aſſiſtance in the buſineſs;

ness; Zamira is young, and her opinions may easily be changed by a little art and proper management.

“ As you are, through my means, in habits of familiarity with her, I would wish you to undertake this task; for I believe you are better qualified for its successful execution than myself. It is a singular fact, that a parent’s voice is, in cases of this nature, less likely to be attended to, than that of any other friend.

“ I would have you, moreover, insinuate yourself into the good graces of the Prince, that you may also work on his mind, in her favour, and inform me of the state of his heart. It was in vain I attempted to excuse myself, urging, how ill qualified I was for such an undertaking; he
would

would not hear me, and I believe I yielded at last to the task he imposed on me, merely to find more frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with his daughter.

“ Accordingly, at our next interview, I spoke in the Prince’s favour, and was secretly gratified, by finding she made no reply to my encomium; had she began to speak lightly of him, I should have feared for her heart, for I had heard it said, it is an extraordinary notion, which some women possess, that they should always openly abuse those whom they secretly admire.

“ Is it possible,” interrupted Narconah for the first time, “ that such a system, among any set of beings can really exist, and those beings too,

too, such as you represent to be amiable, like Zamira?"

"It is indeed possible," replied Cozmin, "though in the present instance I could perceive no occasion for a display of that weakness.

"But to proceed, the Prince became passionately enamoured of her; it was what I expected, but I found his mind was vicious and depraved, and I, therefore, kept a vigilant eye on his proceedings.

"In a short time, an accident gave me to understand I was not indifferent to Zamira; one day, as I was walking in a solitary path in the Governor's garden, she overheard me bewailing the fate that had thrown me into captivity, and then rejoicing

rejoicing that it had thrown me into the way of one, whose presence I prized above liberty or fortune.

“ Having attended some time to my soliloquy, she retired, and the next time we met, desired me to relate my story, and by what chance I had fallen into the hands of her father. I told her the truth, and the artless simplicity with which she expressed the tender commiseration she felt for my misfortunes, rendered her still more dear to me ; and from that moment I became solely devoted to her.

“ It was some time before I dared to avow the passion with which she had inspired me, and when I did, I thought she was gratified by the declaration.

“ I shall

“ I shall not trouble you with the progress of our love, our doubts, anxieties, and fears. I won her heart, and an old monk united us privately in her father's castle.

“ Our terrors did not decrease after our union; we had the same fears from detection of our marriage, as we had formerly felt for the prevention of it; however, it now became her study to find an opportunity of giving me my freedom, and of escaping with me, though she feared the practicability of this while she remained in the hands of her old Duenna.

“ In the mean time, Don Altador often asked me how I succeeded with Zamira; and while I counterfeited reports, I felt my heart wrung within

within me, when I reflected on the breach of hospitality of which I had been guilty; however, I was busily employed in searching for the Prince's designs, as the Governor felt himself piqued at the partiality he shewed for her, without offering matrimonial proposals.

“ The Prince was deeply designing; but after watching a considerable time, I found that his intentions were of the worst nature, and I then became anxious on another account, besides simply that of keeping secret our marriage. My rival was of engaging manners and conversation, and though I had no apprehension from the virtue of *Zamira*, I still feared much from the resolute profligacy of the Prince.

CHAP. XI.



IN WHICH THE OLD MAN CONTINUES HIS NARRATIVE.

“THE apprehensions which tormented me in respect to the Prince’s designs, I soon found were not without foundation; we had scarce been wedded one moon, when, as I was returning alone from the solitary part of the garden which I frequented, not daring to be seen in the company of Zamira, I heard a scream, in which I instantly recognized the voice of my beloved wife. I flew to the place, and found her elegant form struggling against the rude embraces of a ruffian; his sword

sword lay on the ground, which, instantly snatching up, I aimed a blow at the wretch, whom I now perceived to be the Prince, and felled him to the earth, where I left him weltering in his blood. I had no doubt that he was dead—I bore the fainting Zamira to the house, and fortunately met no one in our way to her chamber.

“ There was now no time to be lost; we must either escape directly, or remain with the certainty of my immediate detection. Having recovered her as speedily and well as I could, I urged the necessity of an endeavour to escape; and fortune, which then deluded us with an appearance of favour, presented a very lucky opportunity.

“ In

“ In my way from the garden I kicked something before me, which I presently found to be a bundle of keys, and which it now occurred to me might prove of use to us; these I hastily returned to, and bring them back with me to Zamira, she instantly knew them to be the keys of the castle.

“ As the dusk was now coming on, we departed immediately, without any other preparation than recommending ourselves to the care of heaven, and securing a casket of jewels which my Zamira had in her cabinet, together with the Prince's sword, as a necessary weapon of defence, which I had brought with me. Zamira knew the most private and unguarded ways, and we locked all the gates after us on the outside, a precaution

precaution we thought most expedient to prevent pursuit ; and when we past the bridge, I threw the keys over the battlements.

“ Being once clear of the castle, the numerous opportunities that presented themselves for secrecy, prevented any danger from discovery ; however we took every possible precaution, disguising ourselves, and spending the nights in the poorest inns we could meet with, to avoid any suspicion of our quality.

“ It was a painful sight to me, to see the lovely limbs of my beautiful Zamira stretched on a coarse mattrafs, with scarce any covering, and exposed to the severity and damps of the night air. By short journeys we crossed the province
of

of Granada, and reaching Cadiz, took shipping for Tangier, where we found ourselves, safe from danger and pursuit, on the coast of my native land.

“ We then threw aside our disguise, and travelled with all possible expedition to my father’s house ; he was rejoiced to see me, and wondered he had never heard of me during my captivity, and expressed how ready he should have been to have relieved me, had he known how. His attention then became rivetted on my wife, and he demanded of me who she was.

“ I told him my story frankly, perhaps he had been less moderate, had not an absence of eight months somewhat softened him in my favour ; however, as it was done, he received
her

her cordially, and disguised his chagrin, if he had any, under cover of friendship and esteem; he expressed himself sorry for the fate of the Prince of Spain, and anxious for his safety upon my account. He instantly wrote to Granada, to Don Altador, from whom he received an answer with all possible speed.

“ The Governor wrote, that his indignation at our flight had ceased the moment he read of my birth and connections; and that he was united by law to one, who though an enemy by country, was a youth of family and honour. He also added, that the Infant was out of danger, and regretted his past conduct.

“ We were all made happy by this intelligence ; but we were deceived by false appearances.

“ We sent over a handsome sum of money to Don Altador, as a ransom for myself ; and he, in his turn, sent us word he should take the earliest opportunity of remitting a portion worthy of the acceptance of his daughter’s husband.

“ I was content to live with Zamira without much splendour, so we retired to a small house in the country, not very distant from Morocco ; and, after we had been there some time, I was made the father of a lovely girl.

“ If an increase of my affection for Zamira had been possible, it had
been

been now made ; but so charming a character did I find her, and so amiable was every turn of her disposition, that I almost idolized her. Could it be believed that such affection could ever be shaken !

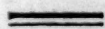
“ Zamira had not been long recovered, when one night a pilgrim knocked at our door, and asked a lodging ; I was absent when he came, being gone to my father’s house. Zamira scarce knew how to act ; but believing the custom of the country was to give shelter to all pilgrims who demanded it, she permitted him to enter.

“ He said he was on his way to Mecca, from Santa Cruz, and should depart before the morning. He asked her several questions relating to herself

self and family, and, among others, in a casual way, when I was expected home. On being told I should not return till late, he said he was fatigued, and would take rest; accordingly he was shewn to an apartment, where he flung himself on the floor, and remained without motion."

Here Cozmin paused, and soon after rose and walked on, while Narconah followed him in silence—the day passed and the night, and, at the noon of the next day's journey, Cozmin continued his narrative.

CHAP. XII.

SEQUEL OF THE HISTORY OF
COZMIN.

“ON my return home I found Zamira uneasy, fearing she had acted imprudently. When I was informed of the circumstance, and perceived her emotion, I felt a strange and unaccustomed sensation, which, as I had never before felt, I knew not how to account for. It was an eager curiosity to see the Pilgrim. Zamira wished me not to go, which only determined me.—I entered the chamber. The Pilgrim was asleep; and as I viewed his face, he clenched his fist and gnashed his teeth, in his

disturbed and uneasy slumbers, methought I recollected that of the Spanish Prince. I looked at Zamira, and thought she coloured. Presently he turned, and beneath his vest, which then flew open, I perceived the costly dress of a Spanish noble. I again looked at Zamira, and perceived her tremble.

“ In his girdle were a brace of pistols, and a rich filetto, studded with diamonds; these I drew from his waist, and in the action he awoke, started up, and as indignation flashed from his eyes, I entirely recollected the enraged visage of the revengeful Spaniard.

“ He instantly drew his sword, but I was prepared for him, for I had drawn my scymitar already. I
perceived

perceived he aimed at my life, and, by a dexterous turn of my weapon, I wrenched his Toledo from his hand. He was now at my mercy. I was never notorious for cruelty, and should have given him his life, but casting my eyes around, I perceived Zamira speechless on her knees beside me, imploring, no doubt, the assistance of heaven to save me. But, unhappy wretch that I am! I misconstrued this into a prayer for the Prince's life; and a horrid fit of that destructive passion, jealousy, being then upon me, I plunged my scymitar into his heart. Zamira uttered a feeble scream, and fainted. Misled by false appearances, and judging from her emotions, how dear the Prince must have been to her, my fury rose to a degree of madness, and, in an emotion of phrenzied rage, I darted my scymitar, still reeking in

his wretched blood, into the bosom of my innocent, my unhappy wife! Oh! may the day be forgotten upon earth, and the hour and the deed, be blotted from the book of eternity!

“ The noise I made called together my servants, who informed me of the whole truth. Zamira uttered her last sigh with a prayer for my happiness, and in affirming her innocence. I was then informed in what manner the Pilgrim had introduced himself. Conviction flashed into my mind. I heard not the end of their story, but flew from the house, and wandered the whole night, like one distracted, and returned in the morning, only to hide myself from the face of day.

“ My servants removed the bodies, and when I again viewed that
of

of my lost Zamira, all the fierce passions which had rent my heart, subsided into a calm and fixed horror, and my spirits sunk into a melancholy dejection, bordering on insanity. My eyes were fixed on vacancy, and I was insensible of existence.

“ When I was at length roused, I threw myself beside her cold corpse, and wept over her body, till the arrival of my father. The horrid business was hushed in the mouths of the people, and Zamira was committed to the earth. After this I shunned society and the sight of man; and, in a short time, I seized the opportunity of my father's absence, to fly from the place, which only revived the most gloomy reflections, with the intention of burying myself for ever from the world.

“ I took with me the child of my poor wife, and the scymitar which had committed the dreadful act, and bent my course towards the island of Othen, which, by the death of my elder brother, had now become my property, but which I chose not to inhabit. Near the island I found that cell, formed by nature, which you have seen ; this I endeavoured to render more convenient, not for my own sake, but for that of my young girl.

“ I hung up my scymitar in the outward cell, to preserve perpetually in my mind, what there was indeed no danger of my forgetting ; namely, the atrocity and guilt of the most unfortunate action of my life.

“ dug

“ I dug a considerable way inward, till at length I discovered an opening, which, in exploring, I found led to the several subæqueous apartments which you have seen, and several which you have not seen. In them I heard and saw such things as I shall hereafter reveal to you; but the time is not come.

“ I became wild in my manners and attire, so that no one knew me; and sometimes, I believe for days together, I was mad. Heaven then guarded my child, and I was sometimes recalled to reason, by finding her clinging to my knees and weeping bitterly.

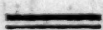
“ I reared my child, however, whom I had named Zelia, in simplicity and virtue; at least I thought

she had imbibed their precepts ; but whether she has been misled by those who accidentally passed our cell, or by the pilgrims who have sometimes asked for admittance there, I know not, or whether some untoward fate has robbed her of existence ; but she constantly expressed a wish to see the world, which I as constantly repressed. And the day after that on which I related to her, her mother's story, being that on which she had attained her eighteenth year, she disappeared, and I have never seen her since. Whether my child is dead, or stolen from me, or whatever be her fate, I trust that heaven, which sees and punishes my guilt, will see and guard her innocence, and keep her in the path of good."

Here

Here the old man again paused, and Narconah, whose mind was lost and bewildered in the story he had heard, rose with him, and walked silently by his side till they came to the next village, where they once more stopped to pass the night.

CHAP. XIII.

THE STORY RETURNS TO ALCOVAN
AND THE CASTLE.

WHILE Cozmin continued his narrative, he sighed often and bitterly, and Narconah sighed also; and when he had concluded, a tear, that stood in the old man's eye, brought relief to him; while the tear of sympathy sprung in the eye, and eased the heart of the young Creole.

From motives of sensibility he forbore any animadversions upon the life of his friend; and, as they pursued their way, endeavoured to amuse his mind, by describing his different feelings

feelings in particular situations, and by relating the occasional fears and terrors of his friend Haram.

Cozmin continued to lament the loss of his daughter. He dwelt on her virtues and beauties, and wished himself once more in his cell, that he might resign himself to tranquillity and sorrow for his few remaining days.

Alcovan, the solitary tenant of the island and castle of Othen, in the meantime remained in a state of melancholy despondency. All the firmness and philosophy of which he was a master, was not sufficient to quiet his disturbed mind. Till the period at which our history is now arrived, the same state of listless depression had unnerved his mind, and incapacitated him

him from exercising his faculties and his reason; till one night, as he slumbered in his chamber, his imagination wandering over the scenes of his past life of seclusion, conceived the unsubstantial form before him, which he had seen soon after his arrival at the castle.

He started from his sleep in agitation and horror, seized the lamp by his side, looked around him in agony, and at length remembered he had only dreamt.

He now seemed to awake, not only from a transient slumber, but from the sleep of death. His mind, which had been so long absorbed in melancholy and dejection, resumed suddenly its wonted powers; and the first use he made of his recollection,

tion, was to reproach his own folly and weakness, in suffering himself to be subdued by the mental existence of imaginary terrors, and depressed by the supposed appearance of visionary phantoms.

As he had now in part recovered his serenity, he spent the remainder of the night in meditation, and planning the prosecution of a long intended, and long delayed search through the castle.

He concluded, from his last dream, that what he had before seen had been an illusion also, and imagined that while he was gratifying an ardent curiosity in examining the remote and secreted parts of the castle, he might possibly find some clue that would lead him to the certainty of
the

the Prince's fate, or open to him some prospect or opportunity of escape.

The idea of liberating himself, had never till now presented itself; for the same melancholy and despondency which had seized him soon after the departure of the Creole, had continued to prey upon his mind, and to render him incapable of concerting any plans for his enlargement.

The idea, however, had no sooner occurred, than he resolved to put it in execution; and in the morning early, commenced his operations.

But though he was a master of mechanics, he found it impossible to concert engines of power, such as would enable him to force the bars
and

and bolts that opposed him, though the wood work to which they belonged was mostly rotten and decayed.

After several unsuccessful efforts, he abandoned his project as impracticable, and returned to his solitary chamber. The frustration of this expected resource was agonizing to his heart; he saw and lamented the parting ray of hope, the last that remained to cheer him; for the short time he had to remain, before the arrival of the Emperor to claim his son, would probably finish his hopes and his fears together, by consigning him to a cruel and ignominious death.

These reflections were near driving him once more into that same state
of

of wretchedness from which he was just recovered, had he not by chance opened a book, which he had written since his arrival in the island, and in which he read these words:—

“ This world is a barren and unending wilderness, since friends can scarce ever be met with ; and without a friend, man is as the beast of the field, that wanders through the desert, shunning and shunned alike by all, because in friendship and intercourse with none.

“ I have thought and written erroneously, for man has intercourse with his own mind, or what is so called, which is that immortal and immaterial part of him, the soul ; and he may, if he will, make that mind his friend and his associate.”

The

The consideration that he had been wiser near twenty years back, than he then was, surprised and afflicted him. By gradual reflection his mind became calmer, and he closed the book for awhile, and resolved to return to it whenever he found his senses relapsing into their former state of restlessness and anxiety.

CHAP. XIV.

THE LUNATIC.

THE travellers were now within a few days journey of the Hermit's cell.

Cozmin was pleased by anticipating his future repose, and even by the almost forlorn hope of once more finding his lost daughter.

Narconah enjoyed the prospect of relieving the anxiety of Alcovan, and of learning the hidden secrets of the cavern through which he had formerly passed, and of which his friend Cozmin had spoken in such solemn and mysterious terms.

They

They had now reached the mountains that separate Biledulgerid from the empire of Morocco. They were admiring the beautiful and romantic scene around them, when, from one of the recesses with which the sides abounded, a woman, covered by tattered and fantastic garments, darted forth, and stopped the travellers on their way.

Her countenance was wild and wan; her eyes were dark and piercing, and the remains of beauty, ravaged by grief, and exposure to the inclemency of seasons, were still visible in her countenance. She was of a middling stature, and in the prime of life. Her face was strongly marked by melancholy wildness, and she thus addressed the travellers:—

“Men,”

“Men,” said she, “I have met the beasts of the forest in my way, and have escaped from them—they have used no arts to ensnare me—they have used no artifices to destroy me—but man has done all this—I fear men therefore more than them. You need not seek me out in my retreat; despair has visited and found me there—but if you will—enter my mansion—my palace is among the rocks, and midnight is my hour of revelry. Time was, my heart was lighter, when flattery paid her court to me, and pleasure, dancing to the songs of joy, made my vain heart gay.—Those days are fled, and in their stead despair sits here enthroned, and horror beckons me to her cell.—Oh! high offended Heaven, if thou dost see the human heart—if thou dost hear the moans and sighs of sorrow, hear my
griefs

griefs, and see my woes unutterable!"

Cozmin stopped her for awhile, and tried to sooth her distress, and advised her to have patience.

"Patience!" she exclaimed, "preach patience to the winds!—give it to the air that bears a lover's broken vows!—I need it not. Damp is the earth that serves me for a couch. When the poor fools of fortune shake with the bitter, bitter cold—I burn. When the man of sorrows quakes at the noise of the tempest, I rise and watch the terrors of the storm, and laugh much louder than the howlings of the wind."

Here she paused, an hysseric laugh succeeded, after which her counte-

nance softened, and the tears rolled rapidly down her cheeks.

Narconah knew not how to interpret what he saw and heard; he found his heart palpitate and his limbs totter, and observed Cozmin's countenance working with the inward emotions of his heart.

The wretched Lunatic sat down upon the earth, wiped away her tears with her loose garments, and then invited the travellers to set down beside her; this being complied with, she began to whisper Cozmin —“ You are my father,” said she, “ and have introduced me to destruction. You have my thanks for it—but I'll not stay with my seducer!”

Saying

Saying this, she cast a fearful eye at Narconah, leaped from the ground, and flew rapidly up the side of the mountain, till she was lost in the recesses, and they could see her no more.

“What is this strange, this miserable being?” demanded Narconah.

“She is indeed a miserable being,” replied Cozmin. “Some melancholy incident of her life has deprived her of her reason, and reduced her to this forlorn condition.”

“And is it possible,” rejoined Narconah, “that the Being you would teach me to revere, can wantonly sport with his creatures, and deprive a human being of the only superiority it possesses over the brutes,

by destroying the senses and the reason?"

"Such instances as these," replied Cozmin, "are dreadful examples of his power, and fearful proofs of his Omnipotence. The human mind is the grandest work of his creation, and when it pleases him to suspend those faculties which he bestows, we have no right to complain. He may surely destroy that which he has made."

"The argument will soon reach beyond my depth," said Narconah. "I am now convinced that religion is a subject of too serious a nature to be taken up lightly, and requires a whole life to study and to understand it; I must, therefore, wait a better opportunity for its accomplishment."

"It

“ It is thus, from day to day,” said Cozmin, “ we retard the task of improvement. It is thus we linger on through life, leaving to to-morrow that which we might do to-day.”

“ I pray you to inform me of what nature is the complaint of this unfortunate being ?” said Narconah.

“ She is mad,” replied Cozmin. “ I have been mad too, and I know how melancholy is that state of existence ; all the infirmities that bend the body to the earth, the parching fevers and the aching pains, that seize on this corporeal system—all these united in one disorder, were nothing to the horrible disaster that affect the brain. The soul survives when the body dies ; but in this
G 3 dreadful

dreadful state, the body may be said to have outlived the soul."

At this instant they beheld an aged man seated at the door of a hut, and advanced towards him. Narconah immediately recognized the poor, blind, and desponding wretch, whom they had formerly seen at the entrance of Fez; the recollection of that event filled him with dread and apprehension, lest the same effect should be produced now on his friend, that had formerly affected him.

Cozmin saw and remembered him also, and finding his young friend endeavouring to draw him from the object before them, turned to him and said :

" I see

“ I see your intention, and thank you for it ; but there is now no need of the precaution. I am grown more familiar with grief, sorrow has been long enough an inmate with me. We will, therefore, congratulate the poor blind man on his having arrived so far on his journey ; and hear, perhaps, if the wretched lunatic we have seen, is not, perchance, his daughter.”

CHAP. XV.

THE STORY OF THE BLIND MAN
AND HIS DAUGHTER.

THEY now reached the hut. Cozmin and Narconah seated themselves beside him, and immediately entered into discourse.

The old man said, that it was indeed his daughter whom they had seen, and asked them to enter the hut. This they did, and Cozmin reminding him of their former meeting, entreated him to relate to them the story of his unhappy child, and the circumstances that had driven her to her present forlorn condition. The blind man began directly:—

“ Her

“ Her mother was yet young when I married, I was of a jealous and evil disposition, and my wife was not of a temper to amend my natural weakness. She was lively and gay, and rather played with my frailty, than endeavoured to amend it. My poor daughter was born within a year after our union. Long after that event my affection for my wife superseded every other feeling, and I loved her entirely; but, alas! how fleeting is human felicity, and how changeable are the passions on which that felicity depends?

“ My daughter grew up sensible and beautiful; she was the admiration of all who saw her, and I often thought my wife was jealous of the charms of her child, for she was herself in the prime of life, and still
G 5 esteemed.

esteemed a beautiful and charming woman.

“ Don Antonio was a youth of good family in Andalusia, and visited in my family on terms of familiarity and friendship. I thought with pleasure, that I perceived a growing attachment between him and my girl, and encouraged the opportunities that occurred of bringing them together, as I had formed a resolution of never uniting my child to any one against her inclination.

“ I mistook Antonio for a youth of honour. Alas! how fatally was I deceived! My girl swallowed the poison I was myself assisting to administer; and the accomplished villain obtained his wishes—her infamy and her ruin.

“ Previous

“ Previous to my making this fatal discovery, I condemned myself to endless torments. I one night returned home earlier than was my custom, and ascending directly up stairs, thought I heard some one ascending before me; I seized a light, and followed the sound into the apartment of my wife—On calling aloud, and entering, I found a man, with a drawn scymitar in his hand, ready to oppose mine, which had already left its scabbard. I turned from him, and again flew down to my library, where I found my wife, who started and trembled when she saw me; well she might—my appearance was that of one possessed by the worst spirits of darkness. The circumstance of my finding a man in her chamber, was sufficient proof of her guilt, without any other; and,

without reflection or mercy, I punished on the spot her supposed guilt, and my imaginary disgrace.

“ On returning instantly the man was gone. By this time the house was alarmed; my daughter, on beholding what I had done, and hearing the cause, exclaimed—it was but her Antonio!—and was then seized with sudden and dreadful pains; her outcries alarmed me—In fine, she was delivered of a boy.

“ It was too late to redeem when I discovered my error; but as I thought blame imputable to my own conduct, for having suffered and encouraged the company of her seducer, I could not blame her also. I therefore ordered her all attention in her confinement, and when I enquired

quired for Don Antonio, I learned he had left Spain to travel over to Morocco.

“ I now saw into what a dreadful crime my jealous disposition had led me, and resolved to expiate my guilt by the severest penances. My daughter soon recovered—she could not bear the scoffs of the world; and those, united to the perfidy of her lover, affected her brain.

“ She fled from Andalusia in disguise, and found some mode of conveyance to these mountains; hither I have traced her. On the way my sight failed me, for I am old and miserable.—She is now mad, and wanders perpetually among the caverns and hills. Since my arrival here, I have heard her speak; and I have heard
her

her sing; she was wont to sing sweetly, but she has not seen me yet. It is heart-breaking to me, to live near my child, and yet to be deprived the blessing of beholding her; but it is the punishment of heaven at which I dare not to repine. Her boy has journeyed with me; you saw him at Fez. He has been to his mother; she has kissed him, and wept over him, and cried, that her's was, may be, such a boy as he.

“ My old heart is broken, and I am hastening homeward to the grave—there, all is peace—there no cares, no sorrows shall disturb me. There my poor child and I will meet once more, and those who were parted in life, shall be united for ever in death.

“ I would

“ I would fain weep, I would fain weep often; but tears, the consolation of the wretched, are denied me. It is now three years since I lost my sight; the darkness that surrounds me, accords with the gloomy temper of my soul. Despair usurps my reason, and comfort is shut out for ever from my heart.”

CHAP. XVI.

TERMINATION OF THE LUNATIC'S
STORY.

AT this instant they were interrupted by the voice of the Lunatic, near the hut, and they all hastened forth to meet her. In her hand she led the boy, and was singing a sweet and melancholy strain. When she perceived them, she flew forward, and laughing loudly at Cozmin, said, that he had been visiting the palace of her little boy, to which he was then leading her. Then casting her eyes on her father, her countenance suddenly fell, and she turned as if fearful to regard him; she then again began

began singing, and sung the following various and incoherent strain:—

Beneath yon rock's impending height,
Within those dark and dreary cells,
The Maniac of the mountains dwells,
Secluded from the realms of light.
With vacant stare and haggard form,
He wanders thro' the midnight gloom,
Or sits upon some new-made tomb,
And wildly whistles to the storm;
Where phantoms swiftly glide along,
While thus he sings his frenzy'd song:—

Horror! list me of thy crew,
Thro' darkness will I follow thee,
Thro' the fire and water too,
Wherefoe'er thy dwelling be:
Or in dreary haunted cave,
Or where at night the raven flies,
Or underneath the rolling wave,
Or upward to the azure skies:
Wherefoe'er thy dwelling be,
Thro' earth, fire, air, I'll follow thee.

She then stopped singing awhile,
and again, in a voice half smothered
by sobs, softly sung:—

His

His voice was as sweet as the music of love,
His heart was as mild and as true as the dove;
But fate from my sight his fond image has torn,
And left me to sorrow, to weep, and to mourn.

Recollection now seemed to destroy her calmness, her eyes rolled horribly on all around, as she changed her voice and dissonantly sung:—

See, see, his eye-balls fearful roll,
Big with the horrors of his soul!
I am not mad, 'tis he who loves me so,
He's mad—and I am doom'd to endless woe.

As she sung the last line, her voice sunk, and her countenance became more calm—she sat down on the ground, and viewed the blind man, her father.

“ I know you, old man,” said she,
“ you are my father, you are come
from the grave to marry me to
Antonio.

Antonio.—I know you are dead;—Antonio told me I had nothing to fear from you—but it is him I am afraid of. I have made an urn for you in the rocks, and there I weep and strew wild flowers.—I have made your epitaph, and I sing your requiem. But pray you, signor, did you kill my boy?”—

“Oh, my poor child! my loved, lost child!” cried the old man, “I am indeed thy father, and this—this is thy boy.”

She now looked him stedfastly in the face; and sung:—

My true love on billows of fire is tost,
Poor Zelica weeps that her lover is lost;
Thro' the ocean, the tempest, the furnace, I'll fly,
To catch my true love in my arms e'er I die.

No, no, I had him now before my eyes,
But see, from my embrace he flies.

Zelica

Zelica now once more turned to her father, she looked at him tenderly for awhile, then threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. "Poor hapless old man!" said she, "would you had my eyes, I know you would weep my fortunes. Come hither, boy, I will not harm thee—I'll go with thee to yon hut, and thou shalt sit upon my knee, and sing me to repose; my old blind father shall have his eyes again, and see me once more happy."

The boy, the child of Zelica, took her hand, and that of the old man, and led them silently towards the hut, and Cozmin and Narcoñah followed in silence.

It was a scene of inexpressible wretchedness; the Lunatic continued
to

to watch her father, and offered to guide him. The old man wrung his hands, and asked if she remembered him. She then wept, and said it was too late for her to receive comfort, or she should have it in finding him.

“ We will still be happy, my Zelica,” said he, “ we will still know comfort.”

“ Not in this world,” said she, “ it is too late ; my brain is of late too often shaken to let me be happy. Where is Antonio, my father ?”

The old man shook his head, but answered not ; and they were just entering the hut, when Narconah, lifting up his eyes, beheld two travellers on mules, descending the hill towards them. Zelica and her father
entered

entered the hut, and Cozmin with the youth were following, when they were accosted by the travellers. One of them quickly dismounted, and hastily asked of Cozmin, if he had seen thereabout an old blind man, or a wretched female who had lost her senses?

Cozmin replied, that he had seen both, and demanded his business, telling him he was well acquainted with the old man he sought for.

“ You know his story, then,” exclaimed the other; “ lead me quickly to him, I pray you. Tell him that I have heard the story of his daughter’s fate, and come to seek them out, to make her reparation—tell him Antonio !”

“ Impossible !”

"Impossible!" interrupted Cozmin and Narconah in a breath.

"Lead me to him," said Antonio. "If you know our story, you see before you a penitent; I have heard the story of their woes, and my heart has been stabbed with the intelligence—I am now come, if not too late, to restore my Zelica, and to cheer her poor old father."

His voice, well-known and remembered, had brought forth Zelica; a bright gleam of joy overspread her countenance; but then, as if doubtful of the reality, she looked at him awhile, and shrunk back from his embrace. "Delude me no more!" said she, "oft have I seen thee, idle phantom! and oft have strove to catch

catch that once-loved form, but clasped an empty shadow."

"No more the shade, my Zelica," said he, "but the reality. I have not wandered o'er these wilds to deceive thee any more—you may trust me now, my Zelica."

He then caught her in his arms; Zelica resisted not, but sunk weeping on his breast—she was soon another being; her senses, long shaken by insanity, were not easily restored to tranquillity. The meeting between Antonio and his boy was almost equally affecting; and the old man joined their hands and blessed them; he said, he now felt one reviving hope of comfort, and should go in peace to the grave, since he should leave his daughter happy.

The

The frame of Zelica weakened as her intellect recovered; the travellers staid with the happy party, as happy as they could well be, till they all resolved to return home. Cozmin and Narconah were overjoyed at this happy termination of their adventures, and every heart seemed satisfied till the hour of separation arrived.

The parties then bid each other farewell, and our travellers pursued their journey.

CHAP. XVII.



IN WHICH NARCONAH DELIVERS
HIS OPINIONS OF THE WORLD HE
HAS SEEN, AND ARRIVES WITH
COZMIN AT THE CELL.

NARCONAH declared himself transported at the termination of this adventure ; he said the madness of Zelica had made so strong an impression on his mind, that nothing could ever remove it ; and had she not been at last made happy, he should have remained for ever uneasy on her account

He then proceeded to enquire of Cozmin of what nature was the
passion

passion of love, of which he heard so much, and of which he could not but admire the effects?

Cozmin replied, " True love is a passion engendered in the finest recesses of the heart ; it lives in it, and never dies but with it. The women you have by chance met with, have not, I dare say, been such as to endanger your happiness; but the time may perhaps come, when you will feel its potent effects."

" I hope not," replied Narconah, " I have hitherto heard of little else but disaster and distress following it. I shall, therefore, be sorry to be exposed to its cares and troubles."

" Much depends on the manner in which love is conceived," said

Cozmin ; “ according to the nature of our passion, it may make us happy or miserable.”

“ That sort of union which is the result of reciprocal and disinterested love,” rejoined Narconah, “ must assuredly be the most pleasing that mankind is capable of forming.”

“ It is so,” replied Cozmin, “ and I wish you may be so fortunate as to meet with one who may make you happy, but beware of forming too precipitate a choice. My mind is now prepared to enter my former solitude and seclusion ; for you, my son, since you have left me, I know not what opinions you have formed of mankind. The friendship of your young companion Haram, seems to have attached you more firmly to
the

the world, than all the lessons and advice I have ever given you; and I would fain know how far the plan has succeeded, upon which, if you remember, we set out?"

"I recollect," replied Narconah, "we set out in search after proofs, which were to establish in my mind the belief of a great Creator; to root out the prejudices of confined education, and to sow the seeds of knowledge; to cherish innate principles of rectitude if you found them, and to give me an insight to the nature of right and wrong."

"I shall now briefly confess what are my opinions—what are the effects produced by the experiment we have made—and what have been

my improvements in the extensive search after knowledge."

Cozmin was all anxiety and impatience, and Narconah proceeded:

"It is now, within a few days, two years since I left Alcovan, and the castle and island of Othen. In this space of time I have had numerous opportunities of improvement, which, I trust, I have not neglected; and in consequence of which I have learned much.

"I have seen and viewed men in different situations of life; and after having deliberately thought upon the subject, I am ultimately of opinion that man, notwithstanding his reason and powers, is by far the most unhappy of all the animals in creation;

tion; perhaps I am wrong, but the great dearth of happiness is too visible to be overlooked, and the general complaints of infelicity, are too audible, in all conditions, to be uttered unheard. By having visited the world, therefore, my curiosity is gratified, but my hopes are disappointed. My curiosity was excited by the accounts you gave me of mankind, and my expectation was raised by the first observations I could make; but my curiosity is now satisfied, because my expectation has been disappointed. I set out with great hopes of finding the world virtuous, and return dissatisfied, if not disgusted, because I have found it is not so.

“ In leaving the world, therefore, and returning to solitude and peace,

I feel no other regret, than that of having ever abandoned it.

“ The natural curiosity of youth led me on, and the expectation of improving my state of existence, by discovering new modes of happiness, encouraged me to proceed. The remainder of my life I would wish to live remote from the bustle of mankind. You, and my first, my earliest friend, Alcovan, should accompany me; and my last loved and lamented friend, Haram, should be my dearest companion. In this society I should scarce perceive the lapse of time, and should never regret it.

“ With respect to knowledge, as I see there is so much to be learned, I will not endeavour to learn more than I already know; for I am
persuaded

persuaded that wisdom is like wealth, which is no longer valuable than as it is useful in advancing the felicity of others.

“ I shall not want subjects, as formerly, to employ my time and thoughts. The two years that have passed over me in the world, have shewn me characters and sights that would employ me for ages in reflection.

“ With regard to the grand subject of our search, I have formed no decided opinion, because you have taught me to fear too hasty a decision. On this subject too, I had been far happier to have remained in ignorance. While my notions of right and wrong were simply natural, I could not act otherwise than

well; but now that those ideas are what you call polished and refined, I am for ever in danger of falling into error, because I dare not always follow my own opinion.

“ Let us hasten then to our retreat; let me once more enjoy the sweet tranquillity of nature, the peaceful serenity of unsophisticated retirement. Let me live in solitude and die in obscurity.—Pride, pomp, and ambition, have no charms for me. I was tutored in the school of nature, and would fain return to the simplicity which I there left behind. I envy not the pleasures of the world; the greatest pleasures I can enjoy, are such as are found in retirement and friendship; and, possessed of these, I shall feel no wants of superfluity and luxury, and know
no

no cares that agitate the motley inhabitants of this crowded and tumultuous world."

Cozmin, who had listened with strict attention to the sentiments of his young friend, perceived his opinions were too firmly rooted to be in any way shaken, and therefore thought it judicious, at present, to drop the subject.

The next morning brought the travellers within sight of the cell of Cozmin, and they were alike amazed, to find the branches and stones they had left, removed from the entrance. The old man's emotion encreased as he advanced to his former abode; and Narconah could scarce restrain his impetuous desire to spring forward hastily to the cell.

At the moment they were about to enter, a youth sprung from the opening, and Narconah caught his friend Haram in his arms. Cozmin stood some moments aghast; he looked first at Haram and then at Narconah.

“Do I breathe!” said he, “do I exist! or am I lost in one of those delightful visions, from which I have sometimes awakened to disappointment!”

Haram was in an instant at the feet of Cozmin.

“It is so—I do not dream! I have found thee, my child!” exclaimed Cozmin—“I have again found thee; nothing shall part us more, my once-lost, my ever-beloved, my own-recovered Zelia!”

“Oh,

“ Oh, my father !” said the disguised Zelia, “ I beseech you to forgive me. An ardent curiosity which you suppress in my bosom, tempted me to abandon you for a time ; and a resistless impulse which I felt to prostrate myself before the shrine of the Prophet, determined me on my purpose. I have but this day returned, and my grief at not finding you I can never express. I thought you dead, my father—be Alla praised that you are safe !”

Narconah was a silent, but not uninterested spectator of this scene ; he felt a variety of unwonted sensations. He had before felt for the pretended Haram all that friendship could inspire, and the strange discovery he had now made—that his friend was a female ; beautiful as
he

he now saw her, amid her blushes and natural modesty, and amiable and innocent as he knew her to be, filled him with such emotions as he had never before experienced, and which he knew not, therefore, how to describe. Cozmin watched their reciprocal looks of affection; at first he was tormented by a fearful doubt, till he was persuaded, at length, that their affection was as innocent as it was natural and accidental.

They all entered the cell together; the happiness of each was supported on a different basis, and was unalloyed by any worldly care, or by any apprehension of future disturbance or dread.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE PARTY ENTER THE CASTLE
THROUGH THE VAULTS.

THEY soon retired to rest, the fatigues of their day's journey required it, and the agitation their minds had undergone required it still more; for the fatigues of the mind exhaust the vigour of the body, in the same degree that bodily weakness inervates and weakens the mind.

They determined to rise early, that Narconah might enter the Island and return to his friend Alcovan.

The new state of his mind, however, would not suffer him to sleep; he spent the night therefore in rumination.

nation. His young friend was perpetually before him, he could think of nothing, but of the sexual transformation of his companion.

At length the morning peeped through the opening of the cell, and Narconah arose to begin his journey through the vaults.

That day was now arrived on which the twentieth year of Alcovan's retirement expired !

He had for some days before been looking forward to this period, as to one which was to terminate his cares and his existence; he endeavoured to preserve his mind in firm and manly calmness, and, till the day arrived, anticipated his behaviour on his reception of the Emperor.

But

But as the fatal hour approached, his mind became less firm. The approach of expected death is always fearful, but to such a man as Alcovan it was dreadful; his agitation, therefore, encreased every hour, and his firmness at length gave way to despair; the preservation of life he thought above every other consideration, and he flew, as soon as it was light, into the island, and gathered certain deadly and poisonous herbs, which he compounded, and infused their baneful juices into a liquid which he prepared, and determined to present to Selim on his entrance into the castle.

This done, he seated himself, determined and desperate, in a part of the Castle where he should see him enter, and awaited his own fate with
apparent

apparent tranquillity, but inward dread.

Meantime Narconah, bearing a lamp in his hand, set forward, accompanied by Cozmin and his Zelia. They passed through the several vaults and caverns, and at length reached that spot in which Narconah had formerly read the inscription on the coffin, and viewed the skeleton and the Alcoran. Here he turned round to observe Cozmin, who had hitherto preserved a profound silence—he saw him pale and trembling, and stopped to enquire the cause.

“The recollection of the scenes I once witnessed here,” said Cozmin, “has somewhat deranged me; let us proceed, I pray you, and quit this melancholy spot.” They now proceeded,

ceeded, and soon arrived at that place in which Narconah had been surprised by the sudden springing-to of the door upon him on his first leaving the castle. Cozmin, to whom the whole passages were well known, touched the hidden spring, and gave them an unobstructed entrance. The transport of Narconah's mind, on re-entering the place where he remembered his childish sports and instructions, was alone checked by the apprehensions of what might have befallen Alcovan in the long interval of his absence; and that reflection increased his haste to fly over the castle to discover him.

In the meantime, Selim had arrived at the Island; Alcovan, from his watching place, had beheld him
on

on his entrance, and at the sight his heart sunk within him.

In the bitterness of his soul's anguish, he cursed the Creole as the cause of all his misfortunes. It afforded him some consolation, however, to see the Emperor came unattended, and when his diabolical intention faltered, he remembered his own life was at stake, and resolved to administer the fatal potion.

Selim now entered the Castle, and Alcovan flew forward to meet him. "Where is my son?" said the Emperor. Alcovan answered not, but prostrated himself before him. "Bring me to my son," exclaimed the Emperor, "lay by this idle pomp, which gratifies me only when my heart is not concerned."

Alcovan

Alcovan rose in silence, and, pointing to his own apartment, walked on, and elim followed him. The Emperor's doubts were evident, and he hastily asked for drink. Alcovan seized the cup, and first, with customary respect, though without reflection, drinking himself a copious draught, presented it to Selim.—Selim seized the cup, and carried it quickly to his lips.—The heart of Alcovan smote him violently—the draught of death was already at the lips of his king—At the very instant, the critical moment between life and death—the Creole burst into the apartment—Alcovan uttered a loud cry, and dashed the poisonous cup from the hand of Selim.

The Emperor stood confused and aghast, and Alcovan fell at his feet
in

in horror and despair. Narconah, who knew not how to interpret what he saw, stood transfixed with astonishment. The presence of the stranger, the violent action he had witnessed, and the prostration of his preceptor, all conspired to excite fresh wonder and astonishment.

In the midst of this scene, the Emperor was roused by the sudden appearance of Cozmin and Zelia.

“Slave!” said he to the prostrate Alcovan, “thou hast disobeyed my orders. I see thy dark intent. — Is it thou or my son, that would conspire against my life? Thou hast imposed upon me; thy life shall pay the forfeit, the lives of both shall be forfeited. I will not pollute my hands by shedding thy blood; but here
await

await the coming of the ministers of my vengeance."

Saying these words, he flew from the castle, and Alcovan rose from the ground, collected and without emotion. He perceived not the strangers in his apartment, but turning to his desk, without noticing Narconah, snatched his pencil, and wrote the following sentences:

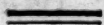
"Selim of Morocco, I am about to die; the same cup that would have snatched the sovereign from your empire, has snatched me from myself; I can now say I am prepared to die. You have pursued a mistaken plan of education, and I am doomed to forfeit my life for the failure of your experiment. I have fulfilled my commission faithfully, but

but have been disappointed in the accomplishment of your intention. You will now learn to vie no more with nature; you will learn that her dictates are not to be counteracted by the art of man. You will learn that man should not arrogate to himself the power of his Maker. Man is a social being, and was not destined to live in solitude. Had you been less sanguine, you had been less liable to disappointment; and had you been less feared, you had had less cause of fear from my apprehensions. I knew you were a tyrant, and expected the consequences that are about to ensue from your disappointed hopes. I knew my own life was at stake, and therefore resolved to sacrifice yours. The appearance of your Son, however, after an absence of two years, at the awful moment when the poison

son

son was already at your lips, has saved your life. The blow I had resolved to strike, has recoiled upon myself. I have swallowed part of the same poison I meant for you. Selim! farewell! the pernicious draught is already working in my veins. The time will arrive, when you will lament that your impetuosity has sacrificed me—you will discover my good intentions, when it is too late to reward them."

CHAP. XIX.



DEATH OF ALCOVAN, AND DEPARTURE OF COZMIN, ZELIA, AND NARCONAH.

WHEN Alcovan had finished writing, he rose deliberately from his seat; he regarded Narconah for a time with a fixed attention; his eyes then passed to Cozmin, and on seeing him he started and turned pale. It was the same phantom, the same object of astonishment and terror he had formerly seen, and the emotions of his mind convulsed and shook his frame.

But soon a more potent operation succeeded; the poison he had imbibed

bibed was already darting through his entrails its subtle and pernicious qualities ; his face was distorted by agony ; his limbs tottered and swelled, and his countenance was overshadowed by the pale image of the great foe of man.

In his agony he clasped the hand of Narconah, while his eyes, fierce and convulsed, turned frequently towards him—his pains momentarily subsided.

“ I die,” said he, “ and die despairing. Whether there be hell or heaven, I know not ; but this I know, that no hereafter can be more agonizing to the damned, than guilt is ever to the wretch on earth. Narconah, I have missed you, in obedience to the orders of your father.—

Read this scroll when I am dead—I have prepared it for the event.—Would you be happy ; nay, would you even live, fly from this fearful spot. The Emperor's resentment will sacrifice you. You know the secret ways ; begone then while there is yet time."

Narconah knelt and wept over his friend ; while Cozmin, and the fair Zelia, were employed in assisting him.

The countenance of Alcovan again exhibited a picture of torture, horror, and despair.

" I feel it now," he exclaimed, " it burns my very soul—sometimes consuming like a flame of fire, and
now

now like ice it freezes.—Oh! mercy, Alla! it rushes to my brain!”

The glowing embers of life were faded in an instant, the cold finger of death was on his heart, and the silence of the tomb was fastened on his lips.

The spectators viewed awhile the scene, till the fears of Zelia awakened them to flight. The noise of numbers without encreased upon them, and they all hastened to the gallery, to accomplish their retreat.

The Emperor's slaves, with sabres in their hands, were already at one end of the gallery, as they retreated to the other, and Cozmin closed the pannel on retiring. They now hastened back to the cell, and Cozmin

urged their immediate departure from that spot, as it must be at all events dangerous to tarry longer there.

Narconah, whose mind was agitated nearly to distraction, gave himself up totally to the guidance of his friend, who instantly prepared for their departure.

Cozmin then retired to an inner cave alone, where he staid some minutes, and returned with a writing in his hand, which he put carefully in his bosom; and they all bade adieu to the cell of Cozmin—the calm abode of tranquillity.

The travellers, once more on the world, hastened over the country, till they reached the nearest sea-port town,

town, where Cozmin procured a passage in a vessel, then fortunately setting sail, and without even demanding what was the place of its destination. This scene was again new to Narconah; his mind, for awhile, forgot the late horrid scene, of which he had been a spectator, in contemplating the wonders of the main, and the inventive genius of man.

He thought the art of navigation the greatest work of ingenuity; and repeatedly asked, who was the hero that first ventured from the shore.

The vessel in which they were embarked was a neutral ship of merchandize, and was then crossing the Atlantic, and bound for the island of Jamaica. The parties each changed

their name, in order to secure them from discovery.

They had not been long on the sea, before Cozmin took the writing from his bosom, which he had brought with him from his cell, in order to place it more securely, when a sudden gust of wind carried it from his hand into the sea, and it instantly sunk to the bottom.

Narconah and Zelia stood beside him; he stretched out his hand instinctively to save it, and remained some minutes with his eyes fixed on the waters, as if to trace the remains of his scroll; at length he spoke.

“ The record of past events; of fights unholy, and of deeds of blood,
is

is now buried in the great waters. If fate presides—perhaps 'tis best it should be. I will now be for ever silent on the subject. The secret mysteries of the castle of Othen, and the hidden wonders of the cavern, secret and hidden shall for ever remain. It is the will of heaven that these should be buried in oblivion, the records of which lie now buried in the stormy deep. Urge me not, my children, on the subject. Suffice it to say, Narconah, that in your infancy I bore you from the castle, when I found you, and imagined you abandoned and exposed; that I restored you, because I found one in the castle to watch over you, and that I had often my attention fixed on you, when you little thought any one was near. Had I known then, what I know now, respecting the principles

in which you have been educated, I should have had no hesitation to draw you from your prison. Be Alla praised, your mind has maintained its natural purity, and drawn you from a world where vice predominates and virtue is left forlorn.

“ The death of Alcovan has had this fortunate effect. It was dreadful—it was such as makes me doubt if he was a good man. I have seen the good man die, and his death has been peaceful. Death is to the virtuous the end of toil ; to the wicked it is the beginning of horror. This we should all remember in life, that the hour of death will come.

“ As the whirlwind sweeps the surface of the earth, and leaves behind it destruction and desolation, so
the

the cold hand of death grasps at all ages, and merciless of man lays waste the world; while the poor remnant that he leaves behind, tarry but awhile to bear the melancholy mourner's part..

“ We are now searching for a retreat, for a solitude like that we have left; you will wish to be with me, and my Zelia will not abandon me. Thus we will live in peace; we will forget the past events of our lives; we will look forward serenely to the future, and enjoy, while we can, the life which has been given us for the purposes of enjoyment.”

CHAP. XX.

SUBSEQUENT REFLECTIONS OF
THE EMPEROR.

THE wind being fair for their voyage, they landed safely upon the shore of Narconah's native place.

They all departed immediately from the port, and hastened up into the country, and Cozmin employed himself, as they went along, in forming plans for their future manner of living.

While the party thus fortunately secured themselves by flight, Selim had again entered the castle; he found

found the corpse of Alcovan stretched upon the floor, and in reading the letter he had left behind him, conviction flashed upon his mind, and regret for a short time wrung his heart.

He caused a diligent search to be made in the Castle for the strangers he had seen there, and among whom he knew he must have seen his son. At length, in order to force them forth, if they were anywhere secreted, he ordered his attendants to set fire to the building, and he saw the flames rise, and the towers fall, without any satisfaction, till the whole was a mass of ruins.

After two days indefatigable search, he abandoned the island, and depreciated his own sense, when he lamented

mented his experiment as foolish and useless.

The experiment of Selim was certainly founded upon principles of true philosophical enquiry. Had it succeeded in the latitude he wished, there is no doubt he might have acquired much knowledge of the untutored qualities of the human heart. He might have learnt the positive energy of the mind, from the relative offices of reason, by observing how far the natural bent of disposition was corrected or regulated by the intuitive sense of right and wrong.

For the loss of his son, whom he now concluded gone for ever, Selim felt few pangs, except those of regret, that his expectations had been frustrated and his hopes disappointed.

It

It was an experiment his reason had made, in which his heart was little concerned ; for the feelings of paternal love had been entirely absorbed in what he rightly deemed a metaphysical research into the strength of nature, and the force of the human intellect.

He left the island with as much apparent composure as if his wishes had been gratified in their fullest extent. He inwardly lamented, however, that he had lost a son, who might have proved a future ornament to his throne ; and returned to Morocco, soured by disappointment, and disgusted on that account with the world.

The death of Alcovan he considered as a thing of course, and rejoiced only,

only, that he had not himself been induced by passion to destroy him.

He congratulated himself on the escape he had made, and wondered at the desperate resolution of Alcovan, and the daring attempt he had made upon his life. His first care on his arrival home was to issue a proclamation, ordering diligent search to be made round the country, and every precaution to be taken to apprehend the persons he had seen, whom he had but indifferently described. These were by that time however embarked, and gone beyond the reach of his power and his vengeance.

In the meantime Selim heard from those whom he had sent to examine the island, the long existing report,

report, that those ancient remains were haunted by some evil spirit; and the remembrance of what he had himself seen at his first visit, and the strange incidents that had succeeded, created restless and uneasy sensations in his mind.

The sudden appearance of the forms he had seen at his last visit there, and their as sudden and still more mysterious disappearance, tended to confirm, to demonstration, that which at first alarmed him only as a supposition. He concluded that his son was imprisoned by beings of the air, in some secret recess of the earth, or rendered invisible by the mystic conjurations of forcerers or infernal agents.

The

The Emperor now, for the first time, sincerely lamented that Alcovan was no more. He thought that had he lived, he might have disclosed to him secrets relative to the Castle, and the mysteries in which its story was enveloped; and in vain regretted, that if any records remained, his impetuosity in destroying the ancient edifice, had buried them in eternal oblivion.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

THE PARTY SETTLE, AND REMOVE
IN THE HOPE OF STILL IM-
PROVING THEIR HAPPINESS.

IN the meantime Cozmin, Narconah and Zelia, advanced up the country, and at length arrived at a spot of ground, which offered temptation to them to tarry there.

It was a small and beautiful valley, surrounded by the mountains and the rocks, and divided in several parts by little rivulets. On a sort of island stood an old hut, formed of reeds, but nearly unroofed, and which had formerly been the habitation of some of the negroes.

To

To this hut they passed over the stream by means of a plank, and finding the inside divided into three or four small rooms, determined to repair it with all possible speed, and to take up their abode there, at least for some time.

With the reeds they gathered from the lake, they soon completed their repairs; and Cozmin manufactured in rough forms a couch for each room, which he interwove with rush-work, and made commodious, though clumsy.

In this spot they settled in peaceful tranquillity; of the planters Cozmin purchased all the absolute necessities of life, and hid his little treasure in the earth, lest the knowledge of it

it should tempt the poverty of any of the slaves to plunder.

Cozmin kept Narconah to constant and laborious exercise, and accustomed him also to abstract disquisition and philosophical reasoning; urging, that a constant intellectual exercise is necessary to draw forth the latent powers of the mind, and is as serviceable in strengthening the mental faculties, as corporeal exercise is conducive to bodily vigour.

An innocent and firm affection reciprocally warmed the hearts of the young people; the singular and similar circumstances of their education, and the equal simplicity of their manners, kept them imperceptibly together; they often spent the hours in conversing on the different sensations

tions they had experienced in solitude ; and Narconah wondered that Zelia had lived so many years, with the world in her view, without ever before venturing forth on her search.

The party, settled and happy in their retirement, had now no thought of removing from their present habitation—they had passed through the world, and had learned that to encourage a restless and wandering disposition, was not the way to be happy—they had learned that felicity is not a local inhabitant, but a tenant of the world ; that all climates and all situations can produce it, when sought with a contented mind ; and that to procure and to enjoy it, only required a persevering and a willing search.

Thus

Thus the meanness of their habitation was no objection; for they were also convinced, that the possession of external grandeur was less essential to happiness than that of internal content.

Zelia being now habited in the dress customary for her sex, was one day wandering in the valley, and having strayed farther than was her custom, she lost herself in one of the woods with which the country abounded, and becoming soon alarmed and fatigued, she was overjoyed at discovering a neat cottage, surrounded by a little plantation of sugar canes and cotton.

She hesitated some moments before she advanced, till at last a woman appearing at the entrance, encouraged

encouraged her to proceed. The stranger, on perceiving Zelia, drew back into her lonely hut, and gently closed the door. Zelia however knocked, and asked for the direction to the valley, and the friends whom she had lost.

The stranger now opened the door, and gazed earnestly at her beautiful young visitor; there was nothing in her appearance to excite suspicion, and she therefore invited her in.

She said, she knew nothing of the new inhabitants of the valley, as she seldom strayed farther than the borders lived of the wood, in which she had eleven years, and which was become dear to her, from having been formerly the abode of all her friends, whom she once left there, and whom
she

she had survived. She added, that one of the planters came at the proper seasons to purchase the produce of her little plantation, which afforded her a sufficiency for subsistence throughout the year.

After Zelia had rested herself some time, the solitary tenant of the hut consented to accompany her to the borders of the wood, and to put her on the way back to that part of the valley which she described. Zelia returned many thanks for her hospitality and kindness; and the stranger, in return, said she should be gratified by seeing her again.

Zelia soon recovered the hut and her friends, whom she found anxious on account of her absence, and rejoiced at her return.

When she described her adventure, and spoke of the female stranger, her account was such as naturally excited curiosity; she painted her of a middling age, of a majestic stature, and of easy and affable manners; yet observed, that there was something in her conversation and appearance, which bespoke her a daughter of affliction. The day was spent in making vague suppositions who this stranger might be, and finished with their all forming a resolution to visit her in the morning.

Zelia was delighted with having found one of her own sex, who might prove a friend, and rose early to expedite the proposed visit to her.

Cozmin had formed scruples with respect to an intrusion on her solitude

tude, but was silenced, or out-argued, by the sanguine eloquence of youthful curiosity.

As Zelia had received directions of the road, they soon found their way, and the stranger ran out to meet them. She at first appeared displeased at the multiplied intrusion, till struck by the serious and venerable deportment of Cozmin.

They spent some hours with the stranger. Her conversation was dignified, as was her aspect, and though marked by melancholy was yet pleasing. Whatever was the secret bias, she felt herself inwardly attached to her new visitors; and when they departed, made them promise to visit her again soon.

This was exactly what they wished, and the acquaintance was cultivated, till on all sides it grew into friendship; and the parties resolved to unite their habitations, and live beneath the same roof.

They were now sometime employed in erecting a new hut, and at length completed it, and removed their rustic furniture from their old habitation. The Stranger seldom expressed a curiosity to hear their story; but when she did, it was uttered with sudden ardour, and was almost instantly suppressed.

She often entered into private conversation with Narconah; at these times the subject of Cozmin's first enquiry generally presented itself. The religious sentiments he expressed

ed appeared to distress the stranger, for she found her heart, she knew not why, interested in his answers and in his welfare.

Cozmin, at length, urged by the repeated intreaties of Narconah, consented to read to him the record with which Alcovan in his last moments had presented him, and of which he had immediately taken charge.

“ I am now about to inform you, said he, of the story of your birth, and the singular events that passed in your younger days. It is not every disposition I should entrust with the secret I am now going to repose in you; but I believe your heart too good to be affected by nominal wealth and nominal distinctions, and

your understanding too firm to give way to the error of vanity, or the vice of pride."

Narconah replied not, his anxiety was encreased by the greater degree of expectation which this prelude created; and the party waited in silence as Cozmin unfolded the record from his bosom, and thus read aloud.

CHAP. XXII.

THE CONCLUSION.

“MY twentieth year of seclusion is now expiring. I see before me despair and death, and am unwilling that, if you should ever return, you should remain ignorant of your birth. You have called me often your father; though I am not so, I have acted towards you as one much more than he who naturally is so.

“Your father condemned you in infancy to confinement in solitude, to gratify an idle, if not profane curiosity, and to make an absurd experiment on nature.

“I have watched over your infancy, and over your mind in childhood;

hood ; and if in ought I have missed your understanding, it has been an error in judgment, and not a want of good intention.

“ Man is of all created things the most so ial ; and He acts against nature and reason who attempts to make him otherwise. Such however has been the pursuit of your unnatural parent. I shall now inform you who this parent is.”

At this instant, Cozmin casting his eyes around him, beheld the Stranger pale and trembling with some unwonted emotion, and laid down the scroll to assist her, and learn the cause of her agitation. The Stranger recovered sufficiently to entreat him to proceed, and he thus continued : “ Selim, Emperor of Morocco, is your father.”

“ It

“ It is so !” exclaimed the Stranger, throwing herself on the neck of Narconah, “ It is my child ! my own lost boy ! my heart told me it was so, and nature guided it to the discovery. Oh ! my child, I thought I had lost thee for ever !—I had formed my mind to resignation, and never even hoped to behold you any more. Tell me, hasten to tell me, by what miracle I see you here ? Has the Emperor relented ? Has he sent you to solace my affliction and my griefs ?”

“ The person of whom you speak,” said Narconah, returning his mother’s embrace warmly, “ I know not. It is enough for me that I have found one parent. Cozmin has been a father to me ever since I parted from Alcovan.”

“ Let

“ Let us hear the remainder of the writing,” said Zelia, in amazement ; and he again proceeded.

It went on to inform Narconah, that by the express order of the Emperor, he was forbid teaching him ought on the subject of religion ; and that he was to keep him in ignorance of the existence of the world beyond him, and all that it contained. It next related the history of his birth, and Elmira was disturbed at the recollection of those events which had succeeded.

After a pause of some minutes, she related the subsequent part of her history, with which they were not acquainted. That the Emperor, naturally of a fickle temper, and of a mind little calculated for constancy in love, had at first neglected, and afterwards

terwards abandoned her ; that after remaining at Morocco near nine years, he had at length ordered her to return to Jamaica, and refused all her entreaties to see the son of whom he had robbed her.

Narconah, in the discovery of his mother, felt every sensation of filial affection and respect. His happiness was now unalloyed by any unpleasing reflection, except when he thought of Alcovan; and the feeling qualities of his heart were wounded by the fatal catastrophe he had witnessed.

In this little spot happiness seemed to have fixed her abode ; tranquillity and peace divided the hours with rational mirth, and the days and months as they revolved, attached the heart of each more firmly to the other.

On

On the subject of religion, Narconah talked often with his mother; though he could not be persuaded to adopt any regular system of belief which his reason did not acknowledge, or to feign a conviction of what his heart could not approve.

It was now the month of August, and the storms and hurricanes were alarming and terrific. It was after a night which the whole party had spent in contemplating the fury of the storm, that Narconah confessed to his friends, that he had thought long and deeply upon the subject, and was at length inclined to believe in the existence of a superior Power; of a Being whose hand directed the hurricane, and reined-in the storm from running to excess.

This

This confession rejoiced the hearts of his friends, and there now wanted but one event to complete the happiness of the parties.

The lovely and innocent Zelia, though always happy in the company of Narconah, was yet ever uneasy lest some accident should deprive her of him ; and when Cozmin, who had beheld their mutual affection and felicity with true joy, at length proposed their union ; it was with unveiled joy that each received the hand of the other. Elmira joined their hands, and bestowed her blessing on them ; and Cozmin declared the wishes of his heart accomplished, and his happiness complete.—

Selim lived in unavailing sorrow for the loss of his son, and other misfortunes of his life, which his
own

own folly had occasioned, and died in despondency and dread.

When Cozmin paid the debt of nature, it was in hope and resignation. He always spoke of his approaching death as the end of a long journey; where he should rest from his fatigues, and join his wife and his friends.

Elmira's declining days were calm and tranquil, and brightened by the prospect of leaving her children and their offspring happy.

Narconah and Zelia spent their lives in serene and pure felicity; their children were educated in their own innocence and simplicity, and while they watched the progress of sense, and the opening charms of virtue, they studied and learned the
nature

nature of the human mind. Every virtue, like the young shrub in the hands of the planter, they nurtured and caressed, and when Zelia once talked of the miseries of aged life, Narconah replied:

“ The rugged steep of age is only painful to those oppressed by worldly care ; to us it shall be otherwise. The care of our children, my Zelia, and the instruction of their minds, shall preserve us from ever feeling the burden of years. I look forward with pleasure to the time that is before us, when the dawning beauties of indigenous virtue shall be encouraged in the young mind, when simplicity shall be imbibed from habitual innocence, unsophisticated by refinement, and unspoiled by the allurements that gratify sensuality, but corrupt society.

“ When

“When we die we shall not leave them a wealthy inheritance; but we shall leave them one which will be better than wealth! for we will leave them the inheritance of happiness.”

Thus, in the practice of a delightful theory, the years were passed in peace; no cares disturbed, no fears distressed them; they lived unobserved and unenvied, and knowing no luxuries they knew no wants. Their little hut was always a smiling retreat; it was built secure from the weather, and above the reach of the alligator, and they heeded not either; but when the hurricane and the tempest shook the island, they contemplated the storm with calmness, and heaved a sigh for the houseless and unprotected wanderer.

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FINIS.

